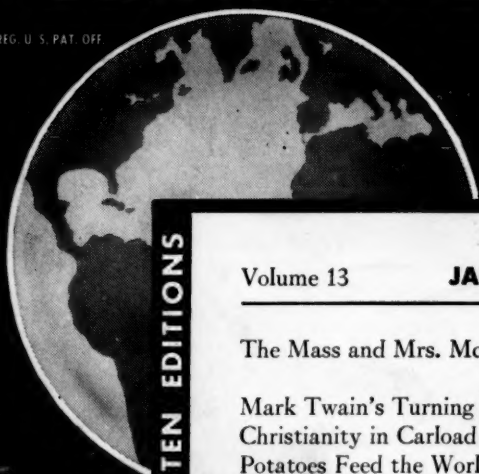


Catholic Digest

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A GREAT mystery is this: while He lay in the manger, He led wise men from the East. While He was hidden in the stable, He was made known in the heavens; so that being recognized in the heavens, He might be made manifest in the stable. Therefore is this day called the Epiphany, which means Manifestation; for He is shown both in His greatness and in His lowliness. He, whose greatness was declared by starry signs in the height of heaven, was found by those who sought Him as a feeble child in a humble lodging, His tiny limbs wrapped in swaddling clothes.

St. Augustine in Matins of the 2nd day in the Octave of the Epiphany.

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The policy of The Catholic Digest is to draw upon all Catholic magazines and books, and upon non-Catholic sources as well, when they publish Catholic articles. We are sorry the latter cannot be taken as a general endorsement of everything in the non-Catholic publications. It is rather an encouragement to them to continue using Catholic material. In this we follow the advice of St. Paul: And now, brethren, all that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling; virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found—let this be the argument of your thoughts.



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VOL. 13

Catholic Digest



NO. 3

The stipend is you

The Mass and Mrs. McGillicuddy's Carpet Sweeper

By ADOLPH SCHALK

Condensed from the *Catholic World**

MRS. MCGILlicuddy let the receiver slide onto the hook and turned on the electric sweeper once more. Its buzzing tickled her eardrums so that she hardly heard the soft startle of the door chimes. Would she have the 79¢ ready, and was that apple pie he was smelling? The paper boy wanted to know.

"Ding-domniddy dong" . . . the chimes again? Yes, but we are now in the rectory of Blessed Sacrament church that same afternoon. Father O'Sullivan is about to answer the door—and who should be here but Mrs. McGillicuddy! Only now her sleeves are rolled down, a stylish hat remotely conservative hangs precariously on her right ear, and rouge instead of that housewife smudge is on her face.

"'Tis indeed a beautiful day, Father, now that you mention it. Would you be offerin' the Holy Mass for me

mither, God rest her soul? You say next Thursday? 'Tis grateful I am, Father, and here is a dollar for the stipend. You're welcome, Father. God bless your heart."

Mrs. McGillicuddy's excursion that afternoon was short-lived. Back in her kitchen in half an hour, off went her hat, up went her sleeves, on went her apron; and in ran Patsy, Sally, and Mike with freckle-faced Tim. The surprise attack was about over when in burst Hank like a baseball player stealing 3rd base, knocking the slice of jelly bread out of Patsy's hand, the jellied side on the floor.

It was time to prepare for supper, for Mr. McGillicuddy would soon bring his weary legs home from the railroad roundhouse. "You're a fast runner, are you, Hank?" asked Mrs. McGillicuddy. "Well, run to the store for some more bread. Sally, take this

piece of pie to old Mrs. Murphy next door. Mike! Oh, Mike! Come back here and bring up two buckets of coal from the basement, and never mind looking for daddy's old shotgun, and Tim, you can start peeling the potatoes—"

Say, what has all this got to do with the Mass, anyway? Well, it has very much to do with it. Let's follow Mrs. McGillicuddy to Blessed Sacrament church next Thursday morning.

We now locate ourselves beneath that outlandish hat of hers, snooping in her mind's eye, at the 8 o'clock Mass. She is seated immediately behind Sister Mary Hippolytus, who is behind all the little boys and girls of Blessed Sacrament school, and keeping a sharp eye on the big ones. At the Introit old Mr. McIntosh comes shuffling down the aisle, scraping his feet like an unlubricated windshield wiper all the way down to his usual place in front of the first pillar. Of course, someone has to leave the side door open again, and now it is banging with the wind. Behind Mrs. McGillicuddy is a devout old lady sibilantly whispering her beads. A little girl comes in late, dropping her lunch on the floor as she tries to sneak into her pew without Sister seeing her. "Oh, I forgot to leave daddy's lunch on the table," thinks Mrs. McGillicuddy distractedly, as an orange that rolled out of the broken package stops by her pew. "I wonder if he will think to look in the icebox for it?"

"*Dominus vobiscum.*" And the priest turns around to offer up the

host. But Mrs. McGillicuddy at the moment is wondering about the price of roast beef at the butcher's today, and whether the grocer has got in her favorite soap chips. And would papa's check come in time to pay the electric bill? "Oh, forgive me, Lord, for my distractions. I wonder if mother knows this Mass is for her? If she were only still living!" (A tear rolls down her cheek with an itch, as the kids sing *Oh, What Could My Jesus Do More?*) Mother used to watch the children from the time Patsy started kindergarten and Tim still wore diapers. Ah, perhaps she is in heaven now. . . .

Thus thought Mrs. McGillicuddy at the Consecration, on the Thursday after she gave a dollar for the stipend. Do not blame her for her distractions. You see, she loves the Mass, even though there are so many things nobody ever told her; for instance, what the meaning of *stipend* is. Nor did she ever completely understand what one gives to the Mass when one gives a stipend. What indeed she gives to the Mass when she attends the holy Sacrifice. And what the Mass gives her in return.

Let us leave Mrs. McGillicuddy at church, where she is unloading her cares on the altar of Sacrifice, and let us go back in spirit to the early days when the Church was just beginning, and see what a stipend meant to the people.

St. Peter was in Jerusalem's market place one morning, and entering the potter's shop he said, "Lo! The peace of the Lord be with you, Achab. Pray,

have all things in readiness in the upper room of thy house, for tonight, at the 12th hour, we will celebrate the memorial of the passion, death, resurrection, and ascension of the Master. Tell thy kindred to be present, as also thy wife, Anna. Joachim will bring the bread, and—"

"And," interrupted Achab excitedly, "and, might I be privileged to furnish the wine? Surely my wine is the best in Jerusalem."

"To be sure, brother Achab," granted Peter smiling. "The others also have promised to bring gifts. Yonder I see brother Zachary. Him I must ask to bring some clean linen, that a gift from him also may be represented. The spirit remain in you, Achab. Good day."

That night a score or more Jews, the first Christian community, assembled for a banquet. After the evening meal all eyes turned anxiously to the head of the table, where Peter arose from his couch and began to speak. "Brethren, you remember how the Master, on the night He was betrayed, made oblation of bread and wine. Let us now break bread in commemoration, and partake of the Body and Blood of the Lord, as He commanded us." Thus, it is quite probable, Mass was celebrated in the time of Peter.

A century or so later there is still the same Sacrifice, even as it is today, but the external form of the Mass has been developed. We see a gathering of people awaiting the priest. The sound of hoof beats tells them that he has arrived, and when he dismounts they

form a small procession to greet him and present their stipends.

A baker draws back his cloak and steps forward with a loaf of bread. "I have baked some bread," he says, "and have brought the best loaf for the Holy Sacrifice. May not only this bread, but my body also, be transformed into Christ."

A weaver, too, comes forth and presents a tablecloth. "Take this linen cloth, O priest, the work of my hands. It represents me. For by giving the fruit of my labor to you, I signify that I am offering myself to God."

Another gives a jug of wine, and in like manner all bring their gifts to the priest. Some gifts are for the immediate needs of the Mass, like the bread, wine, and tablecloth. Others are needed for the priest's livelihood or house, like the new boots the shoemaker gave, or the halter for the horse that the harness maker donated. Then, at the Offertory, all the faithful march in solemn procession, and place the handiwork of their professions upon the altar table of the Lord.

Sometimes the faithful carried their offerings into the church or, in the earliest days, into the room used for Mass, and at the Offertory, after the reading of Scriptures and the sermon, brought them to the altar, where a deacon placed them on a table. From this table he selected the necessities for Mass and conveyed them to the altar. To prevent distractions during the Offertory procession, a chant sung by the people and clergy was introduced in the 5th century. The short Offertory

antiphon is all that remains of it today.

During the Middle Ages the Offertory procession fell into disuse, possibly because of the change of the economic system, or because leavened bread was no longer used at Mass. Our present Offertory prayers gradually supplanted the hymns sung by the people, and originally there was no difference between the collection taken up at the Offertory and the stipend. Even when the Offertory procession was still the custom, money was given in place of bread and wine. The collection now is a true and worthy act of offering of the people. We do not make the candles that are present at Mass, bake the hosts, nor press the grapes for wine, but with our sweat and fatigue we provide money for the men who make candles and wine, and those who bake the hosts.

When Christ died on the cross He alone offered the Sacrifice. But the Mass, which is the same essential Sacrifice as that of the cross, is offered, not only by Christ in the person of the priest, but by all. And the corporate offering of gifts is the manifestation of this corporate worship.

Basic to human nature is religion, the recognition of the supreme Being, which has never been found absent in any of the peoples of the world. Hence man feels indebted to God for all His gifts and for life itself. He would give in return a gift so big that it can represent himself. This is sacrifice, the foremost act of worship. And to offer this homage, priests are chosen as ambassadors between God and man.

Even inanimate things sing the song of praise to God by sacrifice. A grain of wheat falls into the Kansas soil, and makes the sacrifice of its life so that a new stalk of wheat may be born. A lithe green sprout from a grapevine is pushed into soft California ground and carefully nursed until it becomes a vine. Countless arms grow weary picking grapes, and the muscles of men operate presses that crush the tender fruit for wine.

Wax, hot and amorphous, is poured into a mold, and the design of man imparts a form. A candle, symbol of Christ, comes forth. It melts away and its substance is scattered by smoke, depriving itself of its own existence that light may come into being. A tree is chopped down, thunderously yielding to the tiny force of an arm and an ax, and from it are made the candlesticks and missal stand, and wood pulp from which the pages of the missal are made.

And is it stretching the imagination too far to think consolingly that refrigerators containing food and liquors destined for abuse, will be made good because somewhere refrigerators contain cruets of wine and water destined for Mass? In a tiny struggling parish in St. Louis there is an old Irish pastor who keeps holy water in liquor flasks he picks up in alleys. "I just boil the bottles thoroughly," he says, "and when I bless the water, perhaps a little of the blessing will fall on the bottle, too, and thus bring about some reparation to the 'bottle jockeys.'" It has meaning only in the light of the cross.

Yes, these are some of the things no one ever told Mrs. McGillicuddy. But then there are so many things about the Mass one could tell her. Like the 80,000 Young Christian Workers in Paris one midnight in 1937—who ever told her about them? They were assembled in the stadium to participate in a dialogue Mass, one at which the people pray the server's prayers aloud with him and follow the other prayers of the priest in their own language. The workers stood when the sign was given. Each delegation had given the sign of its labor with a gift, the symbol of prayer and work which each representative placed at the altar.

The recent unreasonable war of imolation was, more than any other, a people's war. Never were civilians more important to victory. The Mass, on the other hand, always was the *people's* Mass, though in it the priest always retains his especial dignity. And the salvation of the world depends now as never before on the civilian, lay cooperation, or, in the words of Pope Pius XI, "the participation of the laity in the apostolate of the hierarchy."

This participation must be rooted in the Mass. For we do not merely pray to Christ in the Holy Sacrifice. But Christ, our Head, in union with us His members, worships our heavenly Father. In spirit, the housewife brings her rolling pin and electric mixer with her to Mass; the fountain boy, his ice-cream scoop; the carpenter, his hammer and square; the newspaperman, his typewriter. The retailer says,

"I am a merchant. I sell flour out of which hosts can be made." The jeweler proudly proclaims, "I adorn the chalice with precious gems, and engrave the gold of it."

When the priest says, "*Te Missa est*," therefore, it is a jubilant cry. "Go! The Mass is over." Truly the Mass is over, but the sacrifice, your sacrifice and mine, continues. It continues with us. For we are to take the fruits of the Mass and carry the grace of God with us in our daily tasks.

For 20 years of her married life Mrs. McGillicuddy lovingly reared her children, and the many times she went down to the tumble-down hovels by the railroad tracks with baskets of food and clothes is not so secret as she thinks. She knows that the source of all that is good in her comes from the tabernacle and the cross, and that the endless little things that happened every day, like falling off the ladder and not getting hurt, were somehow linked with the Mass. No one, though, ever told her how. Sometimes it meant a stouthearted spirituality that accompanied her *Mother Dearest*, *Mother Fairest*, which she sang in competition to the loud radio next door. Sometimes she even caught herself humming the *Kyrie* from the Mass of the Blessed Virgin, even though she once said, "I'm not liturgical, I'm a Catholic."

This spirit was in her children, too, as when Patsy stayed home from the movies one evening because mother wasn't feeling well. And once when a beggar came to the kitchen door Mrs. McGillicuddy invited him inside. She

let the bum eat at the table, remembering, ever so vaguely, what a priest uncle once told her: that we love God for His own sake and love all men because God loves them; that there is no room for class or race distinction at the Communion rail because the Eucharist becomes the very flesh of the one receiving It, and because two things united to the same third thing are united to each other. And if Christ allows a poor man to receive Him at His table, then surely her table, the altar that makes a sanctuary of home, should be graciously offered to Christ when He comes in the person of one unshaven, unclean, and unfed.

Thus the Mass continues in the sacrifice of work to which we are dedicated. It goes with Mr. McGillicuddy to work each day. He sees his fellow worker grumble because a Negro is made his assistant, and then confounds the man by asking for the Negro lad as his own assistant. And ever since the change in working hours allowed him to go to daily Mass, he swears only little swear words whenever his wet fingers reach for an empty towel rack,

and smiles instead of frowning at the asthmatic stout lady who sometimes knocks his hat off and breathes garlic-infested carbon dioxide on his neck on the trolley. God's grace is everywhere. It goes down to his ankles where, God love them, his children are tugging beseechingly at his trousers for a kiss, and a brisk rub on the cheek with his whiskered chin.

Caryll Houselander, in her book *This War Is the Passion*, tells the story of a little girl who was asked to teach a very small boy how to make a sacrifice. The girl taught him to make the sign of the cross. "Why is that a sacrifice?" someone asked her. "That is a sacrifice," she replied, "because for a little minute he gives all of himself to God."

Mrs. McGillicuddy sighed as she dipped her finger in the holy-water basin upon leaving the church, making the sign of the Sacrifice in which she had just participated, giving herself, perhaps not quite consciously, all 250 pounds of her, for a little minute to God, on that Thursday morning after she gave a dollar for a stipend.

Kid Stuff

AT THE 10 o'clock Mass there was one little girl of about 4 who chattered and was on the move constantly, even bothering other children across the aisle. She was in the pew behind me, and I wondered why her mother didn't take her out, but she only spoke softly to her with no effect. When the bell rang for the Elevation, the hush, as the priest raised the Host, was broken by a child's voice, loud enough in the stillness to be heard through the entire church, "There is my Lord. There goes my Lord!" As everyone was leaving, she inquired from her mother, "Was I good?" From the expression on the faces of the adults who surrounded her, the answer was, "Very good."

Ann M. Dailey.

Mark Twain's Turning Point

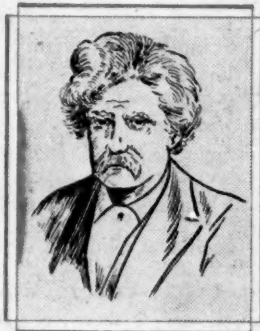
By T. E. HOLLOWAY

Condensed from the *Mark Twain Quarterly**

A YOUTH just out of boyhood is walking along the wooden sidewalks of Hannibal, Mo. The year is about 1850. The young man is Sam Clemens, who, tired of school, has pleaded with his mother to be allowed to learn the printer's trade.

A sheet of printed paper comes flying toward him. An apprentice at the trade, Sam is now interested in any example of printing; he catches the paper and proceeds to read it. He learns with amazement of a young girl who hears heavenly voices, takes command of an army, wins one of the decisive battles of the world, revives a dying nation, crowns its king, and for her heaven-directed efforts is cruelly imprisoned and finally burned at the stake. His heart is filled with indignation and sympathy.

We may imagine him buying or borrowing books about this girl, Joan of Arc. How could it be possible that anyone at the tender age of 17 could lead an army? She was only a lowly peasant maid, ignorant of reading and writing, whose fathers from time immemorial had done nothing greater than to till



the soil, shear sheep, and butcher pigs. How could a girl with such a background convince military men she could lead them; how could she bring the heir to the crown to believe in her; how could she finally crown the king of France? It was a true fairy story, and Sam read

it avidly. His continued interest placed him in touch with European history, foreign languages, the countless works in literature and art that have been inspired by the story of the little warrior-maid, Joan of Arc.

Sam Clemens was eventually to reach world-wide renown as Mark Twain. His biographer, Albert Bigelow Paine, calls the episode in the little river town the turning point in Clemens' life.

He became a printer; learned to pilot a steamboat on the Mississippi; dug for gold in Nevada; became a reporter and editor; went on to San Francisco in the early days and wrote sketches for the local and eastern papers. He went on to travel in Europe, to lecturing, writing books that surprised and delighted the public by

*Webster Groves, Mo. Summer-Fall, 1948.

their racy humor, but were yet permeated by a homespun philosophy and a love for fair play.

With all his worldly success, however, he never forgot the little girl that a chance scrap of paper had made known to him. And as a mature man and famous author he wrote a book about her, the very best book he could write. So very anxious was he that his tribute be respectfully received that he would not admit his authorship. Since people might suspect any work of his of being funny, he perpetrated an elaborate fiction that the book was a translation by one Alden of an ancient manuscript written by Joan's little page when he was a very old man. The book is entitled *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc*. It is largely fact, but Clemens used his imagination for many episodes, and introduced some things popularly believed but not verified by historical research.

This marked a pinnacle of Twain's literary achievement, according to his own estimate. Paine reproduces a statement in Mark's own handwriting.

"November 30, 1908. I like *Joan of Arc* best of all my books, and it is the best; I know it perfectly well. And besides, it furnished me seven times the pleasure afforded by any of the others: 12 years of preparation and two years of writing. The others needed no preparation and got none.—Mark Twain."

And again, "Possibly the book may not sell, but that is nothing—it was written for love." This from an author who drove most shrewd bargains with

his publishers. *Joan* was the only book that Mark thought worthy of a dedication to his adored wife, Olivia Langdon Clemens, "in grateful recognition of her 25 years of valued service as my literary adviser and editor."

Though the heart of the crude lad walking along the streets of Hannibal was wrung by the sad and romantic story of Joan of Arc, the two were then more than four centuries apart in time; he was of a skeptical age while she was of the age of faith; he was of a century of democracy while she was of one of feudalism; she was a devout Catholic while he had been reared in Protestantism.

"Mark Twain," writes Edward Charles Wagenknecht, "knows no Church; and how can he, coming as he does out of the religious anarchy of his intensely negative Protestant America. All he knows is a succession of clergymen, mostly of the ranting persuasion, not too intelligent most of them, each one contradicting half of what all the others stand for, yet all agreed that this world is a vale of tears in which God intends us to be thoroughly miserable."

Mark began, in spite of his veneration for Joan of Arc, by being rather intolerant. "There are many passages in *The Innocents Abroad* which make unpleasant reading for the devout Catholic reader," Wagenknecht says. Never gaining either Protestant or Catholic faith, he reached old age with little religious consolation. But his attitude toward the Catholic Church gradually changed. He recognized

goodness where he found it, and he became friendly with two priests. "When he was asked," Wagenknecht writes, "to contribute to a Catholic magazine, he replied, 'I wish I were not so hard driven; then nothing would give me more contentment than to write something in your periodical, *Christ's Poor*; indeed, you pay me a compliment when you invite me to do it, as holding me not unworthy to appear in its pages.' But most interesting of all is a letter to his wife: 'I am very, very glad Jean is in a convent. And away deep down in my heart I

feel that if they make a good, strong, unshakable Catholic of her I shan't be the least bit sorry. It is doubtless the most peace-giving and restful of all the religions. If I had it I would not trade it for anything in the earth.'"

Introduced to him by a flying scrap of paper, Joan of Arc had a hold on Twain all his life. Without his interest in her, would he have gone on to literary fame and fortune? The evidence is against it. Joan was his inspiration, and after a lifetime of many kinds of success he tried to pay his debt by writing her story as his very best book.

Flights of Fancy

Boys lumpy with tops and marbles.

—Thomas Wolfe.

He thinks by infection, catching an opinion like a cold.

—John Ruskin.

Slow-moving clouds throwing arms of mist around the hilltops.

—Joseph J. Quinn.

A little anxious smile like the wag of a dog's tail.

—John Galsworthy.

The wind shuffled the crisp leaves and dealt them again.

—Allyn Acosta.

She looked at me as if she had just stepped off Plymouth Rock and I had just crawled out from under it.

—Fibber McGee.

The fall months have footballed by.

—Paul Sauer.

Told by an ear-witness.

—E. S. Geiling.

Morning found the fireplace logs still chattering quietly.

—Brother Ernest, C.S.C.

He came into the room like a squirt from a siphon.

—Charles Morgan.

An orchid face with a cactus tongue.

—Mrs. Montelle Hackett.

Silence fell and the clock took over the conversation.

—Mrs. S. H. Pruitt.

The tremendous activity of small boys sitting still.

—Eugene Derwent.

[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]

Ringing the dinner bell



Christianity in CARLOAD LOTS

By RICHARD C. DAVIDS

Condensed from the *Farm Journal**

FOLKS at Geneva, Neb., were miffed. "Get us some boxcars," they said. "We want to be in on this giving."

In November, 1947, they had waited for the Friendship Train to pick up their grain for hungry Europe. But when the train steamed east across Nebraska, it missed them on the north by 50 miles. When, a few days later, the second section rolled by, 250 miles too far south, Geneva appealed to CROP, an agency the churches had formed a few months earlier to collect produce from farmers.

"Give us a hand," they said. "There must be 30 cars of Nebraska wheat left over from the Friendship Train."

CROP got to work. A train began to assemble. On Feb. 12, 1948, the Abraham Lincoln Friendship Train rumbled out of Lincoln with 100 cars of Nebraska wheat, joining 183 more cars from neighboring states, and collecting enough cash to buy 20 more.

But all that was just a trickle compared to what happened last fall.

Boxcars were crammed with wheat, corn, livestock, and cotton at railroad sidings all over the nation, and long trainloads went over the prairies towards the docks at Galveston, Seattle,

Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco. There was a 20 to 300-car trainload from almost every state in the Union. A train of dried milk came out of Wisconsin, and trainloads of wheat out of Ohio, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Colorado. Other trains left Washington, North Dakota, Oregon, and Missouri. California sent a Thanksgiving-day trainload of dried fruit, nuts, rice, and wheat. Montana and Wyoming sent wheat, and rounded up horses off the plains for processing into meat that is standard diet in many parts of Europe. Iowa and Illinois pledged 300 cars each. When South Dakota promised 100 cars and \$100,000 to ship them, both North Dakota and Minnesota announced proudly, "Put us down for 200!"

The same trains that three years ago were carrying men, weapons and ammunition to fight an enemy, carried food to those same people, as well as to our former allies. The world is learning that the U. S. knows how to forgive. And it is learning, too, that there is not much that can beat the great big heart of America's farm people.

A gift of food, farm folks know, has

a value above money. It is a symbol of brotherhood. An Illinois farmer told me, "It's a thrilling thought that your own wheat, a few bushels you hardly miss, will go directly to those poor kids roaming the streets, digging their living out of garbage cans."

CROP makes such direct gifts of food possible. CROP stands for Christian Rural Overseas Program, and in CROP, three big church groups join hands, Catholic Rural Life, Lutheran World Relief, and Church World Service (22 Protestant denominations). CROP collects the food and ships it overseas. It deals only in carloads, because smaller lots cost too much to ship.

Although some crops, like corn, are processed before shipping, to cut down on overseas freight, CROP sends most grain whole, and most cotton and wool unprocessed, even though shipping costs are higher. Milling overseas helps employment there, and helps men feel they are earning their own way. In Europe, too, less of the kernel is eliminated in milling—10%, in contrast to our own 25% to 30%.

CROP headquarters in Chicago is a busy place. Its handful of people work until all hours of the night. Although churches are the backbone of CROP, the whole program couldn't operate without dozens of groups that help organize: the Extension Service, Grange, Farm Bureau, the co-ops, and 4-H. (Near Elburn, Ind., 4-H clubbers are gleaning 1,500 acres.)

This great CROP harvest of food is distributed by world-wide church or-

ganizations which first determine which countries need it most. Then shipments are made to Bombay, Okinawa, Shanghai, Naples, and Bremen, by overseas freight paid for by the U. S. Except for that, all CROP gifts pay their own costs.

Overseas, all food is passed out by church organizations. CROP food can't possibly go into the black market. Local churches pass it out only to those who really need it, and hungry men are not likely to re-sell food. Food goes mainly to the aged, to hospitals, nursery schools, and children at "feeding stations," where they're fattened up for five or six months until they can better resist diseases like "hunger TB." That's what Europeans call tuberculosis when it hits the half-starved and kills them off as an epidemic would.

CROP can't take the place of the Marshall plan. The government's program is designed to set nations on their feet and start their factories producing. But CROP can do something that no government agency can. It can prove to the most suspicious that Americans genuinely want them to live and prosper. It can combat communist propaganda that right now is saying that government food (which is *sold* by retailers) is a scheme to expand our American markets. Persons hungry enough will believe almost anything, will sell themselves for any promise. CROP can help keep democracy alive by feeding the hungry.

There is still a need for food. Though reports from Europe talk

about a good harvest, CROP's answer is that even during normal times, when fertilizers aren't scarce, when fields aren't mined and treacherous, when livestock hasn't been slaughtered by invading armies, and railroads are intact, parts of Europe produced only about half the crops needed. The rest of the food was imported in exchange for manufactured goods, something Europe can't produce until its factories are rebuilt.

There's an even bigger reason why Europe needs help. Ten million people, uprooted from their homes, are now either unable or afraid to go home. Typical of what happens when they swarm into an otherwise self-supporting community is to be found in a letter to the Kansas CROP director, written in thanks for flour.

"Southerly from Denmark you find Fehmarn, which until 1945 had only 1,200 people. Now there are that many fugitives. Most live in sheds in great poverty and don't know anything about their relatives. Those who stand in need are the children, the prisoners of war returned from Russia, and the sick. At your sign of Christian mercy, they see that love is not dead in the world."

Overseas agencies estimate that in some areas 70% of the children have died by the age of five, and of the remaining, more than two out of three have tuberculosis. In many cases, milk is so scarce it can only be used for medicinal purposes. Of 18 million German children, 12 million are still dangerously underfed.

I visited in Kansas and talked with the pastor at Alma, whose parish has helped send several cars of wheat. Last year, the Alma car was sent to Holland, but it was refused there and passed on, with the observation, "Others need it more than we do."

Kansas is the state that last year topped the nation in the size of its sacrifice, the state where members of Church of the Brethren and Mennonites have been sending carloads of food since 1945, where a Catholic priest parks a truck outside a country elevator, to make it easy for contributors to shovel off a donation when they come to market, where at Weskan, 15 Lutheran families alone gave a car of wheat, where a month after the train had left, checks still kept pouring in (four checks totaled \$11,028.96 on the morning I visited). Those Kansas people make you glad you can call yourself an American.

But it isn't just Kansas that tells a story of open hearts, and it isn't just farm folks either. Sangamon county, Ill. (Abe Lincoln's county), sent six cars of flour. Brown county sent honey. In Streator, Ill., a teacher and her class gathered a carload of oats in five days, after others told her it couldn't be done.

Iowa grade-school kids each brought 15¢ or a can of condensed milk to school to raise five carloads of milk. High-school pupils in Iowa raised enough money to buy 20 carloads of protein-rich cereal worth about \$125,000.

City people have insisted that they

be given a chance. In Nebraska, when Lancaster county farm folks started giving, the city of Lincoln asked to join in. Merchants, civic and service clubs, fraternal organizations, and the bar and medical associations all pitched in. The result: one car of sugar, one of dried milk, two of flour, and four of wheat, besides cash.

In some places, folks bring anything from a manure spreader to a brand-new automobile, donate them, auction them off, and buy grain or milk for the CROP train. At Goshen, Ind., an old billy goat was sold, redonated, and

resold better than 30 different times.

At the little village of Clifton in northern Kansas, I watched the county of Washington dedicate its carload of wheat. We stood down by the railroad tracks beside the elevator and listened to the pastor, standing on a pulpit of grain doors, bless the wheat and wish it Godspeed.

Individuals all over America are glad of the chance they have had at giving, knowing they have helped spread their bounty around the world, realizing, too, that the giver is always the gainer in terms of a happy heart.



Love: Anticipation

A LITTLE Negro lad was sent to one of the convents to get some unconsecrated hosts.

"Let me see them," asked the little boy.

"You may look at them, but do not touch them," he was told. Unmindful of this admonition, the little lad bent over and kissed one of the hosts with great devotion.

"Why, that is only bread now," he was told.

"I know that, but soon, at Mass, it will be our Lord, and when He comes He will find my kiss there."

Quoted by *Mission Crumbs* (Summer '48).

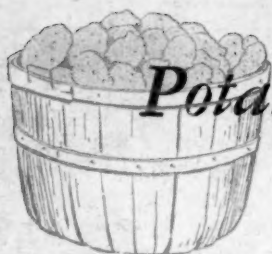


Love: Meditation

A CERTAIN old lay Brother who could not read was nevertheless fond of using an illuminated prayer book at Mass. "At the beginning of Mass," he explained, "I find a page where the letters are all black, and they remind me of my sins and I try to be sorry for them, until the Offertory. Then while our Lord renews the Sacrifice of Calvary at the Consecration, I look at some red letters, to remind me of the Precious Blood. Finally, when the Communion comes near I look at a golden letter, which makes me think of the happiness of receiving our Lord and still more of being with Him in heaven forever."

From *Catechism Stories* by F. H. Drinkwater (Newman Book Shop, 1948).

The eyes have it



Potatoes Feed the World

By FREDERICK J. STEVENSON

Condensed from *Foreign Agriculture**

PERHAPS 400 years have elapsed since the common potato, *Solanum tuberosum*, was first introduced to cultivation in Europe, whereas it was brought from Ireland to be grown by the colonists in New Hampshire less than 230 years ago. Today it is one of the leading food crops of the world. Almost half a billion bushels are grown in North America, and the prewar total for the world exceeded 8 billion bushels.

Despite speculation and some scientific investigation, the exact origin of the potato remains unknown. It is native to the American continent, and its relatives are still to be found growing wild in the elevated regions extending from the southwestern part of the U. S. to the southern part of South America, particularly at the higher altitudes of Bolivia and Peru, in the coastal regions and near-by islands of southern Chile. All the species seem to thrive best in a cool climate.

Numerous collections have been made in South America during the last 100 years, but no wild varieties have been found similar in every respect to the cultivated types. Within the areas of propagation, the multiplication of varieties by mutation and

other means has resulted in loss of the original type or caused such confusion that the direct line of descent can no longer be recognized. Stores of dried potatoes (*chuño*) have been discovered in ancient tombs and ruined cities of Peru, showing that potatoes were probably a staple article of diet several centuries before the Spanish conquest. Funeral vases closely modeled after potato tubers and resembling those produced by breeding and culture, rather than the wild forms, have been found in prehistoric Peruvian graves.

There are conflicting stories concerning discovery of the potato and its introduction to Europe and the U. S. Some of the most widely believed are erroneous. John Gerard in 1597 described in his *Herbal* the "Potatoes of Virginia." His illustrations and descriptions were those of *S. tuberosum*, but he follows his description with the statement that "it groweth naturally in America, where it was discovered as reporteth C. Clusius; since which time I have received roots thereof from Virginia, otherwise called Norembega, which growe and prosper in my garden as in their native countrie." As a matter of fact, the potato did not reach Virginia for more than 100 years after

publication of John Gerard's *Herbal*.

Thomas Jefferson made the statement that the English found round potatoes in Virginia on their first visit, and Schoolcraft, authority on the history and customs of the American Indians, stated in an official report, published by the State of New York in 1846, that "the potato was certainly indigenous [to America]. Sir Walter Raleigh in his efforts at colonization had it brought from Virginia under the original name *Openawg*. But none of the North American tribes are known to have cultivated it. They dig it up like other indigenous edible roots from the forest."

The openawk of Virginia was not a *Solanum* but *Glycine apios*, the tubers of which were an important food staple of all the Indian tribes of eastern North America from the Gulf of Mexico to the St. Lawrence river. The English colonists called them Indian potatoes, bog potatoes, or ground nuts. The settlers of New France called them chapelets or rosary roots from their beadlike arrangements on strings. The Algonquins called the tubers openawk, openaug, penag, or penac. There is no species of tuber-bearing *Solanum* indigenous to eastern North America, yet the woods are still full of openawk.

One of the more reliable accounts of the discovery of the potato is that of Pedro de Cieza, who in 1538 encountered it in the upper Cauca valley, between Popayan and Pasto, in what is now Colombia, and afterward at Quito, Ecuador. He described the "pa-

pa" as "a kind of ground nut which when boiled becomes as soft as a cooked chestnut but which has no thicker skin than a truffle." He stated further that the principal food of the inhabitants of the Collas region was papas, which they dried in the sun and kept from one harvest to the next. The dried papa is called *chuño*. Many Spaniards became rich and returned to Spain prosperous only because they carried *chuño* to sell to the mines of Potosí.

In November, 1578, Sir Francis Drake found tubers of *S. tuberosum* being used as a food staple by Indians of southern Chile. Within less than a decade the tubers had become a regular food on Spanish ships, but no one knows with certainty who first introduced them to the gardeners of Europe. They probably were carried to Spain from Peru early in the 16th century. Many early introductions by explorers and travelers may have occurred, as indicated by the large number of varieties that have been grown.

Regarding the introduction of the potato into Great Britain, the two legends more generally believed are those surrounding Raleigh and Drake. According to the first, *S. tuberosum*, the common potato of our fields and gardens, was first introduced by Sir Walter Raleigh, who brought the roots from Quito and caused them to be planted in his own garden at Youghal, Ireland; and according to the Drake legend the famous English admiral deserves the credit for the introduction of potatoes into Europe. On his return

from Virginia in 1586 he brought the potato with him. Wishing to domesticate it in England, he not only gave some of the tubers to John Gerard but also handed a part of them to his own gardener, telling him to plant the precious fruit in his garden.

From this point on the two stories, though merely legends, are parallel. The plants were grown in the respective gardens and bore fruit. The gardeners, thinking the fruits, or potato apples, were the edible portions of the plants, tasted them and found them quite unpalatable. Each gardener confronted his master with the worthlessness of the new plants, and each received the order to dig them up at once. To their surprise, they found that the valuable parts had developed underground!

For more than a century after its introduction to Europe the potato was grown in the gardens of England and continental Europe as a curiosity rather than as a source of food. The Irish were first to recognize its food value. The climate and soil of Ireland were peculiarly adapted to potatoes, and they soon became the only food crop of the country, serving for breakfast, dinner, and supper. Potatoes, however, proved to be not an unmixed blessing to Ireland, for, although the crop yielded an abundant return, yet an occasional failure caused untold misery and even death to many of the people, as in the case of the Irish famine in 1845. Just when the potato was introduced into Ireland is not definitely known, but it was cultivated as a field crop in

that country before 1663, a year of short crops in Great Britain. At that time the Royal Society recommended that such members as had lands adapted to potatoes should plant the new vegetable. In spite of this recommendation, the introduction of the potato as a field crop in England was slow.

Potatoes were grown as a field crop in Scotland in 1739. The cottagers soon became successful in cultivating them, but potatoes did not meet with favor among the higher classes. Some of the pious Presbyterians looked upon potatoes with disfavor, because they could find no mention of the crop in the Bible.

The first active measures for introduction of the potato into Prussia were taken by the great elector, Frederick William, who in 1651 caused potatoes to be planted in the Berlin *Lustgarten*. His grandson, Frederick William I, in his efforts to promote potato production, threatened to cut off the noses and ears of all who refused to plant them.

The real credit, however, for promoting potato culture in Prussia, especially in Silesia and Pomerania, must be given to Frederick the Great. In 1744 he caused seed potatoes to be distributed free and compelled the peasants to cultivate them. In a royal circular dated April 5, 1757, Frederick the Great showed a remarkable knowledge of potato growing. He indicated the time of plowing, manuring, and planting the fields, and cautioned the farmers to select good seed.

The threats of punishment and the

circulars enforced by local officials, had some part in increasing potato production in Prussia. But again it was famine, caused especially by the Seven Years' War, which established the industry on a firm basis.

The introduction of potatoes into France was largely due to Antoine Auguste Parmentier, who, while a prisoner in Germany during the Seven Years' War, was fed upon potatoes and learned to like them. Potatoes had been in bad repute in France owing to the attacks made upon them by physicians, who declared that they were poisonous and the cause of many maladies. Parmentier planted them on a piece of land obtained from Louis XVI. The field was considered a sandy waste, but the potatoes turned it into a blooming garden. A soldier guard in full uniform was stationed near the field during the day but was withdrawn at night, whereupon a number of people came secretly to steal the potatoes. They ate them and planted them in their own gardens—the very object which Parmentier had in view.

At one time, when his plants were in full bloom, Parmentier presented a bouquet of the flowers to the king, who placed one in his buttonhole and gave the others to Queen Marie Antoinette. She appeared in the evening wearing them in her hair. All the court tried to imitate the example of their sovereigns, and the king said to Parmentier, "France will thank you some day for having found bread for the poor."

Little is known of the early intro-

ductions of the potato to North America. Some persons believe that the English colonists of Virginia and Carolina obtained it from Spaniards and other travelers. Some say it was carried to the British West Indies in the early part of the 18th century and propagated in the mountains of Jamaica under the name of Irish potato. Potato growing in the U. S. seems to have got its best start in 1719 from stock brought from Ireland and grown at Londonderry, N. H.

Many of the stories relating introduction and propagation of the potato no doubt are legendary. But the spectacular increase of the potato as a food crop is not; it is one of the wonders of agriculture. Not only has it become a leading food crop, but in many of the countries of Europe by-products, such as alcohol, starch, and flour, are of great economic importance.

The prewar average world production during 1935-39, was slightly less than 8.5 billion bushels. About 91% was produced in Europe, including the USSR, 5% in North America.

In North America a large proportion of the crop is used for food, and none of it is grown especially for industrial uses. Only the surplus and culls are manufactured into by-products. A relatively large proportion of the crop in Germany, Poland, and the other leading potato-producing countries of Europe is used for by-products. A failure of the potato crop in any of these countries might not cause a famine as it did in Ireland in 1845, but even in the U. S., where the per capita

consumption is only a little over two bushels, a short crop would cause much distress. This would affect not only a large number of commercial growers who depend for their living largely on potato production, but also consumers generally and especially those in the lower-income group who buy more than their proportionate share of potatoes. The potato is still the poor man's most important vegetable.

Only through the combined efforts of scientists and producers can an adequate world production be assured. More than 70 diseases and insect pests attack the growing crop, and millions of dollars are spent each year in protective measures. Sprays and spray equipment have been greatly improved, and new sprays, such as DDT, for insect control have been found; but, in spite of these, heavy losses continue.

One of the most effective methods of preventing losses has been the breeding of disease-resistant varieties. At one time the potato wart threatened the industry in Europe, but wart-immune varieties were produced in England and on the Continent, and the disease was effectively controlled. In some countries laws compel producers to grow only wart-immune varieties.

Ever since the years of the severe epidemics of late blight almost continuous research has been carried on to breed blight-immune varieties. At present, after nearly 100 years, success seems assured. The highest degree of resistance has been found in *Solanum demissum*, a species distantly related

to the cultivated potato. By hybridization, backcrossing, and selection, varieties have been produced combining resistance of wild species with the economic characters of commercial varieties. This work has been going on in Great Britain and in several countries of continental Europe, as well as in Canada and the U. S. As the result, a number of varieties have been distributed to growers which are highly blight resistant.

The group of diseases caused by viruses are perhaps the most widespread and most baffling. In the group are found mild mosaic, latent mosaic, leaf roll, spindle tuber, and yellow dwarf. It is probable that one or more virus diseases occur in every potato-growing region of the world. For a long time it was thought they resulted from "running out" or "degeneracy" brought about by the practice of growing, year after year, potatoes from the same tuber stock. Growers used to exchange seed tubers with more or less distant neighbors to overcome the degeneracy, but often the crop from the new seed was as badly run out as that from the old. Much has been done by early harvesting to provide clean seed, but again the most effective method is to breed virus-immune varieties.

The value of the potato crop to the various countries of the world cannot be estimated. It was a lifesaver to millions during the last two wars, and, by continued effort on the part of research men and growers, it will increase in value not only as a food but as a source of valuable by-products.

The Blessed Sacrament Fathers

By JOSEPH OUELLETTE, S.S.S.

BLESSED Peter Julian Eymard was beatified by Pope Pius XI in the jubilee year of 1925, one week after the canonization of his personal and intimate friend, St. John-Baptist Vianney, Curé of Ars. There was a time when the saintly Curé seriously contemplated joining the Religious Order, the Blessed Sacrament Fathers, which Blessed Peter Julian had just founded at Paris.

Only a strict command from his ecclesiastical superior forced him to remain at his post and abandon this desire.

Blessed Peter Julian was a product of his age. He was born in 1811, when Napoleon was dictator of Europe. After the fall of the tyrant, anticlerical revolutionists held the reins of government: the very existence of the Church in France was in peril. One Religious Order after another was expelled and the unhappy people were abandoned to their fate. The only solution to this religious problem, in the mind of the French priest Peter Julian Eymard, was to arouse in all men a desire to dedicate themselves to the service of Christ. It was only gradually that he



conceived the idea of a new Order dedicated exclusively to the honor and cult of the Blessed Sacrament. As an ecclesiastical student he had wanted to join the Oblate Fathers at Marseilles, but his health, always poor, had broken down completely. He then joined the diocesan clergy of Grenoble and within a few years became pastor at Monteynard. Although Father Julian was beloved by

his parishioners, he was not satisfied with the extent of his work. After much difficulty, he finally succeeded in persuading the bishop to release him to join the Marist Fathers, whose founder was Venerable Père Colin. After 17 years in the Marist Congregation Blessed Peter Julian had occupied successively the posts of superior, provincial and assistant-general, but still he felt that his true vocation was elsewhere.

When he asked permission of his superiors to establish a new Order, exclusively devoted to the cult of the Blessed Sacrament, he was at first refused. After seeking counsel from several important men, such as the master-general of the Dominicans, he

decided to approach the Holy Father through a friend. The Pope replied that the idea certainly came from God and its realization should be attempted. Accordingly, Blessed Eymard received the required dispensation of his vows in the Marist Congregation and with a single companion, a converted sea captain from Toulon, established the new Congregation which became known officially as the Blessed Sacrament Fathers.

The Order's existence was precarious at first, the founder and his companion living on occasional Mass stipends and donations. But when a third companion joined the two pioneers after a few months, permission was obtained from the Archbishop of Paris to make the first solemn exposition of the Blessed Sacrament in a little chapel on the Rue d'Enfer. This ceremony took place on Epiphany, 1857, Father Eymard assuming the first hour of adoration. This was the humble beginning of a work that was to affect the lives of Catholic men and women all over the world. In spite of savage attacks directed against Christ, the Church, and the faith, thousands flocked to the sanctuaries and thrones of exposition set up by the spiritual sons of Blessed Peter Julian in practically every large country of the world.

The practice of frequent and daily Communion, which was sanctioned and urged in 1905 and 1910 by Pope Pius X, was promoted by Father Eymard and bequeathed as an heirloom to his Religious family, with the command to preach it everywhere as the

traditional teaching practice of the Church herself, provoking a furor in Jansenist circles where he encountered bitter opposition from well-meaning but narrow-minded men. Today, the practice of frequent and daily Communion accounts in large measure for the preservation of the faith and morals of the masses, in spite of the incredible increase and opportunities for occasions of sin in modern times.

In 1859 Pope Pius IX issued the laudatory brief on the work of the new Congregation, and three years later officially approved the Congregation and the initial draft of the Rules, which were finally ratified by Pope Leo XIII in 1895. The founder lived only 12 years at the head of the court he had formed to honor Christ. Besides his own example of sanctity, he left his spiritual children the essential elements of his teaching in his Rule, numerous writings and notes.

The Congregation of the Blessed Sacrament Fathers remains precisely as its founder left it, devoted entirely and exclusively to glorification of the Blessed Sacrament. This it accomplishes by prescribing that all its members, whether priests or lay Brothers who "have been chosen and have pronounced the religious vows principally to serve the divine Person of Jesus Christ, our God and King, truly, really, and substantially present in the Sacrament of His love, consecrate to His greater glory all their gifts and virtues, studies and labors in perfect abnegation of their own persons."

Members do not join the Order di-

rectly for their own personal good and sanctification; nor do they take vows principally for the spread of God's kingdom in the world. A Religious of the Blessed Sacrament is primarily an adorer of Christ in the Eucharist. Priest or lay Brother, he forms an integral part of the Lord's court, attending Him day and night. He fulfills his service by kneeling on the *prie-dieu* at the foot of the altar of exposition and chanting the divine Office in choir (which is the Community's adoration). The service of adoration is arranged in such a way that eight different groups succeed each other hour after hour, day and night. No one is exempt from this service; even those who are sick or traveling must try to accomplish privately and in union of mind and heart, with their adoring colleagues, the hour of adoration allotted to them.

So that the service of adoration may be better accomplished, the Rule prescribes that the method "of the Four Ends of Sacrifice, viz., Adoration, Thanksgiving, Reparation and Petition," be followed, unless, in some peculiar circumstances "the Holy Ghost inspires and fosters in a humble and simple heart a better way of adoring the Lord. Let each one, therefore, be attentive to his own special grace and endeavor to advance in the recollection and the virtue of holy love at the feet of the Lord, as having been called to the better part with Mary." Blessed Eymard declared

he had selected this method of the Four Ends for the mental prayer of his Religious because "the Sacrifice of Jesus Christ is His prayer by excellence, as it is also that of the Church; it contains all the homage that the creature owes to its Creator and at the same time fully expresses all that we should pray for."

So that an adorer might become less unworthy of this vocation, he is called upon after a two years' probation in novitiate to make the three simple vows of Religion: poverty, chastity and obedience, according to the regulations set down in canon law. He binds himself to lead the common life in a very strict way, taking meals

and recreation with priests and Brothers, having rooms and facilities shared in common. He is a member of one of the few Religious Communities where priests and lay Brothers are practically on the same footing. Brothers, having no clerical training, devote themselves to the work about the church and house.



While nothing special in the way of penance and mortification is prescribed, the Rule exacts the practice of three virtues in particular. The chief is love, which must be "the principle and inspiration of the whole life of the adorer, since it is the principal motive which prompted our Lord to institute the Holy Eucharist." Second is humility, since this is the chief exterior characteristic of Jesus Christ under the

Eucharistic Species. Finally, members must be "in all things faithful witnesses and unanimous disciples of the truth; for Jesus is the King of truth and His soldiers must fight for it to be worthy of their Leader."

The Rule finally prescribes use of all convenient means to spread the knowledge and love of the Holy Eucharist throughout the world. Blessed Sacrament Fathers publish Eucharistic reviews for priests and laity; preach Eucharistic retreats, triduum and the Forty Hour devotion; organize Eucharistic festivals and Congresses. In particular, they draw others to the feet of our Blessed Lord exposed on the altar, where they swell the court of the King and sanctify themselves "in spirit and in truth."

Out of devotion to the Blessed Vir-

gin, the Founder gave her the title of "Our Lady of the Most Blessed Sacrament," and commanded that his spiritual sons, in their prayers and in their lives "never separate the Son from the Mother whose flesh He is."

The American province of the Order now comprises shrines at New York City (Lexington Avenue and East 76th Street), Chicago (1335 West Harrison Street), Cleveland (17609 Euclid Avenue), where the scholasticate is located, and at Barré, Mass., where the Fathers have their novitiate. The junior seminary to train vocations to the priesthood is situated at Suffern, New York, in the foothills of the Ramapo Mountains. Further information about the life and work of the Blessed Sacrament Fathers may be obtained from any of the addresses mentioned.



RETORT DECISIVE

WHEN Cardinal Hayes was a small boy a group of street urchins were once complaining against their poverty. They concluded that they would never have a chance to be great, or to be heroes. As one lad expressed their feelings, "You can't live in a back alley and eat poor food. You gotta be rich to get your name in a book."

Young Patrick Hayes spoke up, "A poor boy can, too, live in a shack, and still be great. He can get his name in books, too."

"He can't either," was the bitter retort, followed by catcalls from the crowd.

A pugnacious lad planted himself in front of Pat Hayes and challenged. "Tell us the name of any boy who ever lived in a shack and was great."

"The Boy Jesus," Patrick replied calmly. "He was born in a stable and was poorer than any of us, and yet He is the greatest Man who ever lived and more books are written about Him than about anyone else who ever lived."

The crowd was quieted. They had their answer. The future cardinal came off victor in his first street debate.

Anne Tansey in the *Victorian* (Nov. '48).

Outlaw approved the garb

Sister Blandina Meets **BILLY THE KID**

By SISTER BLANDINA SEGALE

Condensed from a book*



BILLY the Kid was the most famous outlaw of the Southwest. He was left-handed, danced well, was a favorite among women, and had many friends, most of whom found excuses for him. But he was a cold-blooded killer who as a rule shot down his victims without provocation. He killed no fewer than 21 men, and is said to have expressed the wish to add two more to his score. Sister Blandina's entries about him follow.

SEPT., 1876. The Trinidad [Colorado] *Enterprise*, the only paper published here, in its last issue gave an exciting description of how a member of Billy's gang painted red the town of Cimarron by mounting his stallion and holding two six-shooters aloft while shouting his commands, which everyone obeyed, not knowing when either weapon would be lowered. This event has been the town talk, excluding every other subject, for the past week.

Yesterday one of the Vigilant Committee came to where I was on our grounds, acting as umpire for a ball game, and said, "Sister, please come

THE Billy the Kid incidents, which comprise the major content of the following article, describe but one of the many unusual experiences related in the unusual diary of the amazing nun Sister Blandina comprising the new book *At the End of the Santa Fe Trail*, published by the Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, and obtainable in book stores everywhere. Sister Blandina wrote her journal only for the eyes of her sister, also a Religious of the Sisters of Charity; it was published when U. S. officials requested the material for the historic value of a record made by an eye witness. Sister Blandina died in 1942 in Cincinnati in the motherhouse of the Sisters of Charity at the age of 92. Her Order, which first experienced the bigoted action against religious garb in public schools in New Mexico in 1894, is once again under fire.

to the front yard. I want you to see one of Billy's gang, the one who caused such fright in Cimarron week before last." My informant passed the news to the nine and their admirers, so that it became my duty to go with the pupils, not knowing what might take place.

Billy's accomplice was mounted on a spirited stallion of unusually large proportions, and was dressed as the

*At the End of the Santa Fe Trail. 1948. Bruce Publishing Co., 540 N. Milwaukee St., Milwaukee, 1, Wis. 298 pp. \$3.

toreadores dress in old Mexico: cowboy's sombrero, fantastically trimmed, red velvet knee breeches, green velvet short coat, long sharp spurs, gold and green saddle cover. A figure of six feet three, on a beautiful animal, made restless by a tight bit—you need not wonder, the rider drew attention. His intention was to impress you with the idea, "I belong to the gang." The impression made on me was one of intense loathing, and I will candidly acknowledge, of fear also.

The figure passed from our sight. I tried to forget it, but it was not to be. Our Vigilant Club is at all times on the alert. William Adamson, a member, came excitedly, to say, "We have work on hand!"

"What kind of work?" I asked.

"You remember the man who frightened the people in Cimarron, and who passed our schoolhouse some weeks ago?"

"Yes, William."

"Well, he and Happy Jack, his partner, got into a quarrel, and each got the drop on the other. They kept eyeing and following each other for three days, eating at the same table, weapon in right hand, conveying food to their mouth with left hand.

"The tragedy took place when they were eating dinner. Each thought the other off guard, both fired simultaneously. Happy Jack was shot through the breast. He was put in a dugout, 3 x 6 feet. Schneider received a bullet in his thigh, and has been brought into Trinidad, thrown into an unused adobe hut, and left there to die. He has a

very poor chance of staying alive."

"Well, William, we shall do all we can for him. Where did this all take place?"

"At Dick Wootton's tollgate, the dividing line between Colorado and New Mexico."

At the noon hour we carried nourishing food, water, castile soap, and linens to the sick, neglected man. After placing what we had brought on a table, my two companions, William Adamson and Laura Menger, withdrew. I walked towards the bed, and looking at the sick man, I exclaimed, "I see that nothing but a bullet through your brain will finish you!"

I saw a quivering smile pass over his face, and his tiger eyes gleamed. My words seemed heartless. I had gone to make up for the inhuman treatment given by others, and instead, I had added to the inhumanity by my words, but after a few days of retrospection, I concluded it was not I who had spoken, but fear, as psychologists say.

At our first visit I offered to dress the wound, but to my great relief the desperado said, "I am glad to get the nourishment and the wherewith to dress my wound, but I shall attend to it myself." Then he asked, "What shall I call you?"

"Sister," I answered.

"Well, Sister, I am very glad you came to see me. Will you come again?"

"Yes, two and three times a day. Good-by."

We continued these visits for about two months; then one day the sick

man asked, "Sister, why is it you never speak to me about your religion or anything else?"

I looked at him and smiled. He continued, "I want to tell you something. I allude to the first day you came. Had you spoken to me of repentance, honesty, morals, or anything pertaining to religion, I would have ordered you out. 'I see that nothing but a bullet through your brain will finish you.' Sister, you have no idea what strength and courage those words put into me. I said to myself, 'No shamming here, but the right stuff.'"

Dear Sister Justina, imagine what a load was lifted, to know for a certainty I had not given pain to the downtrodden culprit, for so he is at present. The patient seemed to wish to talk. He asked, "Sister, do you think God would forgive me?"

I repeated the words of Holy Scripture as they then came to my mind. "If your sins were as scarlet, or as numerous as the sands on the seashore, turn to Me, saith the Lord, and I will forgive."

"Sister, I would like to tell you some things I have done; then I will ask you if you think God can forgive me." Seating myself, I waited, as he continued, "I have done all that a bad man can do. I have been a decoy on the Santa Fe trail."

When he saw I did not grasp his meaning, he explained, "I dressed in my best when I expected to see horsemen or private conveyance take to the trail. Addressing them politely, I would ask, 'Do you know the road to

where you are going?' If they hesitated, I knew they were greenies. I would offer to escort them, as the trail was familiar to me, and I was on my way to visit a friend. We would travel together, talking pleasantly, but all the while my aim was to find out if the company had enough in its possession to warrant me carrying out my purpose.

"If I discovered they did not have money or valuables I would direct the travelers how to reach the next fort. If they possessed money or jewelry, I managed to lose the trail at sunset and make for a camping place. While they slept, I murdered them and took all valuables. The fact of being off the trail made it next to impossible for the deed to be discovered.

"Another thing I took pleasure in doing was to shoot cows and steers for their hides. I remember one time I shot several cows that belonged to a man from Kansas. I left the carcasses for the coyotes. The old man had a great deal of spunk in him, so he and his herders trailed and caught me with the hides.

"They had a rope with them, which they threw over the limb of a tree, and placed me under the rope. Before going any farther the old man said to me, 'Say your prayers, young man; you know the law of the plains: a thief is hanged.' I said, 'I'm not a thief; I shot at random. When I saw my shots had taken effect, I took the hides of the animals I had shot. What would you have done?'

"I would not have shot at random

into a bunch of cows,' he answered. I saw some of the fellows felt sorry for me, and I added, 'Did none of you ever make a mistake? I acknowledged I did wrong.' All but the old man said, 'Let the fellow go,' and waited for the old man to speak. 'Well, if you all think he ought to be let go, I don't say anything against it,' he said. So they let me go. As soon as I got where my pals were, I told them how near I came to being strung up. They all laughed, and said I had the young ones to thank that I was able to tell the tale. I added, 'I'll wager 10¢ I'll scalp the old man and throw the scalp on this counter.' They laughed and took up my wager.

"The next day I went to find in what direction the cattle I had fired into had gone. I soon discovered the herd trail and followed it, and at noon I saw the cattle. The old man was sitting on a stump with his back to me. I slipped up quietly behind him, passed my sharp knife round his head while holding his hair, and carried his scalp on a double run to where I had left my bronco; then, whirled to where my pals were. They each had told some of the deeds he had done, and Happy Jack had just finished telling an act which I will not tell you, but I added, 'Here is my last achievement. Scalped a man on a wager of 10¢.' While saying this I threw the scalp on the counter. 'Give me my dime.'

"Sister, now do you think God can forgive me?"

I answered, "Turn to Me in sorrow of heart and I will forgive, saith the Lord."

"Sister, I do not doubt that you believe that God will forgive me: I'm going to tell you what I think God would do. Through you, God is leading me to ask pardon for my many devilish acts.

"He is enticing me, as I enticed those who had valuables; then, when He gets me, He will hurl me into hell, more swiftly than I sent my victims to eternity. Now what do you think about that, Sister?"

"I will answer you by asking you a question. Who was the sinner who asked Christ to remember him when He came into His kingdom?"

"I don't know, Sister."

"It was the malefactor dying at the side of Christ on the cross who called for mercy at the last moment. He was told by the very Christ-God, 'This day, thou shalt be with Me in paradise.'"

"That sounds fine, Sister; but what will my pals think of me? Me, to show a yellow streak! I would rather go to the burning flames. Anyhow, when I get there, I will have to stay chained."

"Experience is a great teacher."

"You bet it is, Sister."

"I'm going to give you an experience." I got the fire shovel and placing two burning coals on it, brought it to the bedside of the patient. "Now place one finger over these coals, or let me tie your hand, so that one finger will burn for ten seconds, then tell me if, in either case, the pain will be diminished."

"Say, Sister, let me think this thing over."

At our next visit the patient did not

allude to our last conversation. I do not speak on religious subjects to him unless questioned. The routine work of taking him nourishment, linens, and so on, continued. We had been doing it for about four months when this particular incident took place.

On a Saturday morning we arrived at our patient's adobe house when, for the first time, we heard voices in his room. Rapping at the door, the patient in a loud irritated voice called out, "Come in, Sister, and look at these hypocrites and whited sepulchers. Do you know what brought them here? Shame! You shamed them, you, a Catholic Sister, who has been visiting me for over four months and bringing wherewith to keep me alive. You never once asked me whether I was a Jew, Indian, or devil. You shamed them into coming. They say I belong to their church!"

Not noticing the aggressive language, I remarked, "I'm so glad your friends have found you. Should you need us in the future, we will be at your service."

Then one of the ladies of the company said, "It was only yesterday that a member of our congregation was told that the sick man belonged to us. She went at once to our minister and he appointed this committee, and we are here, ready and willing to attend to the sick man."

I told her that it made me happy to know the patient will have his own visiting him.

Two weeks had elapsed when our protector of the Vigilant Committee

came to the schoolhouse to say, "Sister, Billy's pal needs us again. I visited him several times during the past two days. He told me that no one has been to see him for a week."

So this noon we visited the desperado, the same as at first. His being neglected by those who had promised to attend to him made me think that the ladies we met in his room are perhaps mothers of families, and cannot spare time from their homes. Again, some of the ladies maybe were as much afraid of him as I had been, so it is easy to see why they could not keep their promise, but it would have been more just to let me know they were going to discontinue aiding him. Perhaps their husbands did not approve of their visiting a bandit. The general sentiment is, "Let the desperado die."

Today when we got to the adobe, everything was deathly quiet and the door was ajar. I noiselessly walked in. The patient was stretched full length, his eyes glazed and focused on the ceiling; his six-shooter in his right hand with the muzzle pointing to his temple. Quick as a flash I took in the situation and as quickly reached the bedside. Placing my hand on the revolver I put the weapon out of his reach. I remarked, "The bed is not a good place from which to practice target shooting."

He said, "Just in the nick of time, Sister," as though we had not been absent a day. I named the different edibles we had brought him. The act he was about to commit was never mentioned. By intuition he understood

he was not to speak against those who had promised to attend him and did not do so.

Another month passed by and the patient was visibly losing strength. I managed to get his mother's address. She lives in California.

After a week we resumed our visits. At the noon call our patient was quite hilarious. I surmised something unusual had taken place. He lost no time in telling me that Billy and the gang are to be here Saturday at 2 P.M., and I am going to tell you why they are coming.

"Do you know the four physicians who live here in Trinidad?"

"I know three of them," I answered.

"Well, the 'gang' is going to scalp the four of them (and his tiger eyes gleamed with satisfaction), because not one of them would extract the bullet from my thigh."

I looked at the sick man for a few seconds, then said, "Do you believe that with this knowledge I'm going to keep still?"

"What are you going to do about it?"

"Meet your gang at 2 P.M. next Saturday."

He laughed as heartily as a sick man could laugh, and said, "Why, Sister, Billy and the gang will be pleased to meet you. I've told them about you and the others, too, who call themselves my church people," but seeing the conversation did not please, he said no more.

In the interval between this visit and the Saturday which was to be

such a memorable day for me, I wrote to his mother, not in an alarming strain, but enough to give her to understand he might not recover. Fourteen days later, she arrived. That was quick time, for she depended on mules and horses. I cannot give you any idea of my anxiety in the days previous to meeting the gang.

Saturday came, and I went to meet Billy and his gang. When I got to the patient's room, the men were around his bed. The introduction was given. I can only remember, "Billy, our Captain, and Chism." I was not prepared to see the men who met me, which must account for my not being able to recall their names. The leader, Billy, has steel-blue eyes, peach complexion, is young—one would take him to be seventeen—innocent-looking, save for the corners of his eyes, which tell a set purpose, good or bad. Mr. Chism—of course this is not his real name—has a most bashful appearance. I judge he has sisters. The others were all fine-looking young men. My glance took this description in while Billy was saying, "We are all glad to see you, Sister, and I want to say, it would give me pleasure to be able to do you any favor."

I answered, "Yes, there is a favor you can grant me." He reached his hand toward me with the words, "The favor is granted."

I took the hand, saying, "I understand you have come to scalp our Trinidad physicians, which act I ask you to cancel." Billy thought the patient had betrayed the gang. He looked

down angrily at the sick man, who remarked, "She is game."

Billy then said, "I granted the favor before I knew what it was, and it stands. Not only that, Sister, but at any time my pals and I can serve you, you will find us ready."

I thanked him and left the room. How much of this conversation was heard by my companion, who waited in the corridor, I do not know. Here are the names of the physicians who were doomed to be scalped: Dr. Michael Beshoar, our convent and academy physician; the two Menger brothers—the elder has a large family, the younger is a bachelor; the fourth is Dr. Palmer, whom I know only by reputation. They will never know from me what might have happened.

The patient's mother is going to have her son removed to a private family. I am unable to judge how much the mother knows of the life of her boy. His tiger expression must have developed since he left her side, and she is too happy to be with him to notice anything except that life is losing all attractions for him. From a number of conversations we have had, I judge she has a high opinion of herself and every member of her family, including the patient. Hereafter, our visits will be friendly ones; no relief, whatever. The mother has taken full responsibility.

Trinidad, June 9.—Dr. Symington wants to know if we would be afraid to return to Santa Fe in a hack with himself and Mr. Staab. He says the team is the best in the territory. "But

why do you ask if we are afraid?" I questioned.

"The Kid is attacking the coaches or anything of profit that comes in his way," he answered.

"I'll consult Sister Augustine and will return to give you an answer."

When I told Sister what the doctor said, she asked me how I felt about venturing. "I have no more fear than if the gang did not exist."

"Well, then, in the name of God, we'll go."

The first day we traveled to Sweetwater, reaching it at about 4 P.M. This is a regular stage station. It did not take us long to see that extraordinary preparations were being made. The stage driver and his passengers were loading or cleaning revolvers and rifles. Ranchmen who live in the vicinity showed themselves ready for any emergency. We were told that "Billy's gang was dodging around, and we expect they will attack us tonight." I proposed to Sister that we pray our beads out on the open plain walking up and down some distance from the house. Sister made no objection, but the doctor did. However, we said our beads and loitered around for some time. When retiring time drew near, both doctor and Mr. Staab came in to say that they would remain at our door armed, "So do not be alarmed if you hear firing; we shall protect you."

"Very kind of you, gentlemen, but if you take my advice you will secure a good night's rest and be ready for an early start." The doctor looked dis-

gusted at my want of perception. All travelers on the plains are early risers; so were we. Breakfast over, the doctor wanted to know if it would be wise to continue. As wise as to remain, we decided. We started. Our span did credit to its trainer, who was driving.

About an hour or so after luncheon, the jockey sent his first message of alarm into the carriage. "Mas-sah," his voice trembled with suppressed fear, "there am som-un skimming over the plains, coming dis way."

Instantly each man took out his revolver. A few seconds afterward, Mr. Staab asked, "How now, John?" With undisguised fear, the driver answered, "Coming fas', mas-sah, right fo' us." By this time both gentlemen were feverishly excited. I looked at the men and could not but admire their resolute expressions.

I broke the spell by saying, "If the comer is a scout from the gang, our chance is in remaining passive. I would suggest putting revolvers out of sight." They looked at me as if to say that a woman is incapable of realizing extreme danger.

The colored man in his fright spoke again, "He am very near."

"Please put your revolvers away," I said in a voice which was neither begging nor aggressive, but was the outward expression of my conviction that we had nothing to fear. Spontaneously the weapons went under cover. The light patter of hoofs could be heard as they drew near the carriage opening. As the rider came from the rear of the vehicle, he first caught sight of

the two gentlemen in the front seat, which gave me a chance to look at him before he saw us. I shifted my big bonnet so that when he did look, he could see the Sisters. Our eyes met; he raised his large-brimmed hat with a wave and a bow, looked his recognition, fairly flew a distance of about three rods, and then stopped to give us some of his wonderful antics on broncho maneuvers. The rider was the famous Billy, the Kid!

As the carriage distanced itself from the cause of the fright, those two riding opposite us looked their questions. I wondered if they could not connect my request of persisting the evening previous in saying our beads on the plains where all knew the members of the gang could see us with field glasses; if the connection could not be made, I had no intention of saying two and two are four, hence I kept silence.

Sister Augustine treated me like a mother who is very fond and proud of her child. Naturally, she cannot understand why I had no fears of Billy's gang, nor does she know who the cowboy is who frightened our party, for she has not asked and she does not as yet know of my meeting Billy the Kid in Trinidad and his promise to protect the Sisters from any attacks of his "gang."

June 12, 1877. Arrived in Santa Fe. The record is broken. We made the fastest trip ever known from Trinidad to Santa Fe.

Oct. 1, 1878. Our new governor is General Lewis Wallace. It is difficult to predict anything about him, except

that he has a difficult task before him, not the least of which will be to check the depredations being committed by Billy and his gang.

The work of the gang is arousing the anger of good men. Mr. Turnstall, a rancher, was brutally murdered by Cattle King Major L. G. Murphy's men. Billy [the Kid], cowboy for Turnstall, witnessed the deed and swore to shoot down like a dog every man he could find who had part in the murder of his friend. Here was a man with qualities to make him great, smothering his best instincts, to become a murderer and an outlaw.

Jan., 1880. My old acquaintance, Billy the Kid is using his gun freely. The people of the territory are aroused and demand his capture, dead or alive. Rewards have been offered.

Our governor, Lewis Wallace, has shown heroic bravery by going to Lincoln county to try to pacify the storm. He had a number of interviews with Billy, but to no effect. [Wallace offered a general amnesty to all not under indictment for crime, and urged the Kid to surrender, promising him a pardon if convicted. The Kid, refusing, declared he would be murdered the moment he laid down his arms. Later, with a band of 12 companions, he started wholesale cattle stealing, with incidental killings.]

July 23.—Billy the Kid is playing high pranks. The governor and the people have offered big rewards for his capture, dead or alive.

March, 1881. Unfortunate Billy the Kid! His marauding has drawn the

attention of the whole Territory, and the Kid is as confident of safety as though he had a battalion at his command. It has been bruited about that he intends undoing Governor Wallace. Friends of law and order are on the *qui vive* that no harm come to the author of *Ben Hur*.

April 24.—Billy the Kid attempted to carry out a threat against Governor Wallace, but the latter was well guarded by every honest man in the Territory, and Billy was captured. My first free hours will be given to visit the prisoners.

[In a fight at Fort Sumner, on Christmas eve, 1880, one of the Kid's band was killed. The others got away, but a few days later the Kid and three companions were compelled to surrender. In March, at Mesilla, he was convicted of having killed, in a cattle war, Sheriff James A. Brady, and sentenced to be hanged at Lincoln on May 13. It was there that Sister Blandina visited him.]

May 16.—I have just returned from the jail. Two prisoners, one the Kid, the other a man who killed a man while drunk, were chained hands and feet, but the Kid besides being cuffed hands and feet, was also fastened to the floor. You can imagine the extreme discomfort of the position. When I got into the prison cell, Billy said, as though we had met yesterday instead of four years ago, "I wish I could place a chair for you, Sister."

At a glance I saw the contents of the prison. Two empty nail kegs, one empty soap box, one backless chair,

upon which sat the man who had shot while drunk.

After a few minutes' talk, the Kid said to me, "Do what you can for Kelly," pointing to the chair. "This is his first offense, and he was not himself when he did it. I'll get out of this; you will see, Sister."

Think, dear Sister Justina, how many crimes might have been prevented, had someone had influence over "Billy" after his first murder. His ascendancy was instantaneous.

I marvel at the assurance of the chained youth. No one can surmise how he can escape punishment this time. Mr. Kelly, his companion prisoner, is much dejected—fully realizing the enormity of his crime. Were not the doings of these two captives publicly known, I would not mention them—for what a prisoner says to me remains my property.

[The Kid was confined at Lincoln

until April 28. Although shackled and handcuffed, he contrived to kill the two deputies who guarded him, and escaped. His hands were unusually small, his wrists unusually large, and by starving himself several days he was able to slip the handcuffs off. After killing his guards, he took time enough to stage an impromptu dance on the balcony of the jail, singing a song of defiance, before he leaped upon a horse, a shackle still dangling from one leg, and made his getaway. But his days were numbered].

Albuquerque, Sept. 8, 1881.—Poor, poor Billy the Kid, was shot by Sheriff Patrick F. Garrett of Lincoln county July 14, 1881, at Maxwell's ranch. That ends the career of one who began his downward course at the age of 12 years by taking revenge for the insult that had been offered to his mother. Only now have I learned his proper name, William H. Bonney.



Compromise

THIS story is going around Europe. A hunter named Sam went out with a long-range rifle, and came upon a huge bear. The bear was not as well armed, but he had claws and wit. So he asked the hunter, "What are you looking for?" Said the hunter, "I want to get myself a fur coat." "Well," said the bear, "I'm looking for my breakfast. Why not come around to my den, and we'll talk it over."

The hunter and the bear sat down to work out an agreement. After a while the bear got up all alone. They had reached a compromise. The bear had got his breakfast, and the hunter had on his fur coat.

Worldover Press (12 Nov., '48).

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Inside the Kremlin Walls

By DAVID J. DALLIN

Condensed from *The New Leader**

COMMENTATORS on Russian affairs no longer fix as much attention on the principles of the Soviet Constitution as they do on the highest body of the communist party, the Politburo. Of the 14 members and candidates of the Politburo, four, plus Stalin, discuss each problem as it comes up, even before the Politburo convenes for its next scheduled session. The four offices adjoining Stalin's study in the Kremlin are those of the highest Soviet leaders: Vyacheslav Molotov, in charge of foreign policy; Lavrenti Beria, chief of the MVD and MGB (formerly GPU, later NKVD); Georgi Malenkov, chief of the party machine; and, until his recent death, Andrei Zhdanov. The other members have their offices outside the Kremlin, and this circumstance alone makes their participation in the solution of urgent problems difficult and at times impossible.

It would be erroneous to assume that the five make decisions by majority rule. Stalin's special position is indicated by the agency he heads, an institution whose existence is rarely acknowledged and which is virtually

unknown abroad. It is the so-called "Special Sector" of the Central Committee of the communist party, with about 400 loyal and chosen employees. It is under Stalin's personal command and serves as his personal government apparatus.

This unique institution, with 50 odd ministers operating independently of the official Soviet government, in practical terms wields more power than any other agency. Like any other government, the Special Sector is divided into divisions and departments: foreign affairs, industry, agriculture, foreign trade, military affairs, and security matters. Among the branches is the Security Section, a personal MVD, under Stalin's immediate orders and not under the otherwise omnipotent Lavrenti Beria, who heads the bulk of the Soviet internal police and security troops.

In Beria's huge ministries, Division I (also known as Leaders' Security Division) is responsible for guarding members of the Politburo, in Moscow as well as on trips and at rallies. The outer Kremlin guard is also part of its jurisdiction, including the checking of

entries and exits, issuing of passes for visitors and vehicles for the Kremlin, as well as all the individual buildings within the Kremlin walls, but the rooms occupied by Stalin and his offices are entrusted to the police of the Special Sector, who maintain a battalion of armed troops. This bodyguard of the supreme leader forms an aristocracy among secret-police personnel, as the life and death of Stalin may well depend on the loyalty and efficiency of this chosen communist elite corps. The special police has control even over Beria's Kremlin guards.

When Stalin has to make a decision or wishes to obtain information, he first turns to the respective section of the Special Sector. All employees of this outfit bear an identification card which gives them extraordinary prerogatives, such as the right of entering any agency's offices without special passes, and of questioning any official up to and including ministers of the Soviet government (exempting only members of the Politburo). Persons interrogated by the Special Sector must furnish any information desired. The identification card is a piece of black cardboard with a gold stripe across it, distinguishing it from the all-black identifications of the regular MVD, which entitles the street police to make arrests at will, and from the black card authorizing them to make arrests on their own. No identification cards give their bearers greater authority than does the gold stripe.

The Sector demands severest discipline. All employees are pledged not

only to absolute secrecy, but also to discretion regarding their colleagues. Superfluous questions are not to be asked, and interference into the next employee's business is prohibited. Curiosity evokes suspicion, and many a Special Sector official was arrested as an enemy of the people during the great purges of 1936-38.

One part of the Special Sector is located in the Kremlin, next to Stalin's study; other parts work in the great edifice of the Central Committee, outside the walls. The information table at the entrance to the building of the Central Committee lists all the divisions and their room numbers, except those of the Special Sector. In addition to the regular pass required to enter the Central Committee building, a special permit is needed for the offices of the Special Sector.

The Politburo continues, but for more than a decade there has been no opposition to Stalin within it. Oftentimes the Politburo is merely called upon to approve and carry out what has already been decided upon. When new problems arise, differences of opinion do occur within the Politburo; and Stalin, who is a good listener, lets his colleagues freely express their views. But as soon as the problem seems clear to him, he speaks up, and his view prevails. He dictates his decision to the secretary, and the subordinate agencies must issue instructions accordingly to other institutions and to the press. At times, though not frequently, decisions of the Politburo are not entered into the protocol. Then

the record reads, "Decision—verbal"; for instance, "Agenda: to be discussed, the forthcoming judicial proceedings against Zinoviev, Kamenev, and others. Decision—verbal." In these instances the decision is taken with the recording secretary absent, and in the above case the verbal decision told the presiding judge what verdict to impose.

The recently deceased Andrei Zhdanov belonged to this innermost body, and the struggle for appointment to vacancies, which takes place in all governments everywhere, is surely being waged, unless Zhdanov's successor has already been named. Few outstanding personalities are left on the Politburo, and the decision will be made by Stalin himself.

Stalin will, of course, attribute great weight to the devotion of the candidate. It might be assumed that Andrei Vishinsky, who has made a name as Stalin's trusted henchman, has the best chance of filling the vacancy, and it is surely Vishinsky's ambition to move inside the Kremlin. There is, however, an unwritten law that former members of non-communist parties may not be elected to the Politburo. Vishinsky was a Menshevik

until 1920, and he has never been forgiven. It remains to be seen if Stalin will break an old tradition and promote the former prosecutor general and present deputy foreign minister.

Thus Russia slowly reverts, in governmental structure, as well as in some other respects, to a system strikingly reminiscent of old Russian autocracy. For centuries, down to the early 1900's, Russia had no constitution, and the autocrat of all the Russians was responsible to, and limited in power by, no legislative body. There was no government in the modern sense of the word, no cabinet, no prime minister, no representative agency. Each minister was responsible to the czar alone. A minister was but an aide to the autocrat, a glorified secretary for a special field; he was hired and fired as it pleased the czar.

In the course of the past three decades of Soviet rule, the "working class" was first replaced by the party, then the party by the Central Committee, the Central Committee by the Politburo, the Politburo by a chosen group in the Kremlin, and this small elite finally yields to the unrestricted power of the greatest dictator of our time.



The Wages of Charity

AN OLD Negro doctor in the South, noted for his kindness to the poor, had as a patient a poor fellow with a chronic disease. The doctor knew his case was incurable, but for many months, just to cheer the unfortunate man, he'd visit him each week and give him a mild tonic.

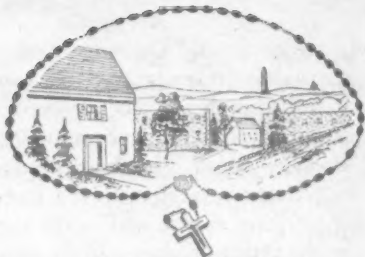
One day, the old man said: "You needn't come no more, Doc. You ain't done me no good, so I been saving up my money to get me one of those pay doctors."

Jessup Johnson in the *Negro Digest* (Oct. '48).

That they may all be one

Block Rosary

By MARY TINLEY DALY



DURING the war Washington, D. C., was one of the darkest of blacked-out cities. Now, porch lights burn brightly all over the city every night, block by block, beacons summoning neighbors, Catholic and non-Catholic alike, to pray the Rosary. They pray that never again may it become necessary to darken their homes and streets in protection from swift death from the air.

In many blocks the neighbors got together and said the Rosary nightly during October, month of the Holy Rosary, and have agreed to continue saying it nightly during Advent, Lent, and in May, month of the Blessed Virgin; during the rest of the year they will say it weekly. In many instances, though, the October nightly block Rosary has become the family Rosary, with one or another member of the family in prayer every night.

As the block Rosary spread in Washington, so is it spreading from the nation's capital to the rest of the country. For instance, Father Preston Campbell, of Newport News, Va., organized seven groups in his town, and units have been formed in other places throughout the country.

So quickly, almost spontaneously,

did the block-Rosary idea blanket Washington, it was somewhat difficult to trace its origin. One reason for this, no doubt, was the originator's reluctance to accept personal acclaim for the idea, a young woman who refused me permission to use her name. She merely said that in view of the world situation today, she decided she would like to do something toward world peace, instead of "just worrying about it."

She thought the most constructive thing would be prayer, and that it would be a good idea to ask others to join her. October, the month of the Rosary, was approaching; neighbors, even though she didn't know them personally, were near at hand.

Accordingly, on the last Sunday of September, she called at every house in her block—both sides of the street—and asked the various families, Catholics, Protestants and people with no religious affiliation, whether they would come to her house every evening during October to recite the Rosary for the general intentions of the conversion of Russia and the peace of the world. Other special intentions were up to the individual.

Of course, she had to explain the

Rosary to some, and tell them of the devotion Catholics have for that particular form of prayer.

"We'd like to pray with you for world peace," she was told at the non-Catholic homes, "but we have no rosaries."

"That's easy," she laughed. "You'll find your rosary waiting for you at my house any evening you want to come, at eight sharp."

Rather to her surprise, she found the response quick and enthusiastic. The first night there were 20 persons present, Catholics and non-Catholics. A Catholic neighbor led the Rosary that night, and there was some hesitancy in the responses, but enough Catholics were present to carry on.

The next night the same 20, and five more, came. All embarrassment had worn off by this time. Responses were devout and fervent as another neighbor led the prayers. So it went, night after night, all during October. Sometimes the hostess would invite a priest to be present, and he would lead.

From all over Washington, people come and pray, and then go on to their evening engagements. There are no formalities. About five minutes before eight they all come, many of them people never seen before. Since it takes only eight minutes, they are all gone by 8:15. Quite often, especially on Sunday nights, neighbors bring their guests with them, and often the guests live in other blocks. They like the idea and take it home with them.

In one block the young man who started the idea found that he had to

explain the Rosary over and over to various non-Catholic neighbors, but when they understood they were enthusiastic.

"I don't know a thing about the Catholic Church," one neighbor told him, "but for a long time I have been praying for world peace, and I'm glad to have an opportunity to pray with others. Makes it more—well, satisfying, if you know what I mean?"

This sense of satisfaction, of union with others in prayer, seems to be the feeling common to all who join block Rosaries.

"Let's not stop it just because October is over," begged one Protestant woman.

"I'd like to keep it up, too," said another non-Catholic. "I always thought Catholics rattled off their prayers, but now that I understand the meaning of the Rosary I love the meditation of each decade."

Family prayer or neighborhood prayer—they both have the same result of easing strained nerves by union with others in supplication to God. One of the appeals of the block Rosary is that people of all ages and all walks of life do come and do enjoy it. One evening when Msgr. John J. Reilly, director of the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception, led the Rosary at one of the houses, a little nine-year-old boy followed it closely and listened afterward while the people chatted with the monsignor.

"You should-a come," he told his mother when he went home. "A man from Mexico said the prayers."

"How did you know he was from Mexico?" his mother asked.

"That was easy," he said. "They kept calling him *Señor*."

One hostess was surprised to find in her home a young woman who had walked many blocks to attend.

"I hope you don't mind," the young woman said with a trace of an accent. "I'm not a Catholic and I don't even live in your block—but when I heard of it I just had to come. You see, I am from Holland, where I lived all during the war, with bombings every night. Life is so wonderful here in this country that I want to pray that the awful nightmare of war will never come again. When you've lived through a war—well, it's a comfort to pray for peace and to know that others are praying, too."

After her first visit, this young woman bought herself a rosary and made the trip on foot every night to join the prayers. Non-Catholics, like this girl, sometimes even more than Catholics, are realizing the solace of united prayer and they like the form of the Rosary.

Aside from its spiritual value, one of the most encouraging by-products is the neighborliness engendered. People who have lived near one another for years and who have had merely a nodding acquaintance become real friends through this union in prayer for something vital to all.

As a matter of fact, the term *block Rosary* is somewhat of a misnomer; rather, it is a neighborhood Rosary, for when one block starts it, people come from blocks around, perhaps hesitant to start one themselves, but eager to join.

One young man, after attending the Rosary sessions, happened to mention the fact to a group of boys whose football team he was coaching.

"Say, mister," said one of the boys, "why can't we do that every day after practice?"

From that day on, 13 young boys, grubby after gridiron practice, knelt every afternoon to say the Rosary before they went home to supper. So enthusiastic were these pre-draftees that they aroused their parents' interest, and now the 13 sets of parents, some of them non-Catholics, meet to say the Rosary. It is simple, really (that is part of the charm of it), but anyone who starts a block Rosary feels well repaid for his effort.

Father Wilfrid Parsons, S.J., was invited to lead the Rosary at one of the blocks in Washington one evening, and when he finished he turned to the people assembled in the little parlor. "I can see blocks like this in Philadelphia," he said, "and in Chicago; in New York, San Francisco and in little towns: all neighbors united in prayers for peace. Why, the spark enkindled here could spread to millions!"



IN AMERICA, the people own everything, including the government. In the USSR, the government owns everything, including the people.

From a pamphlet, *Mr. Visbinsky*, by E. F. Hutton.

The Seein'

High stepping over high water

Eye Horse

By WILL JAMES

Condensed chapter
of a book*

DANE GRUGER was very much of an out-of-door man. He was born on a little ranch along a creek bottom, in the heart of the cow country, grewed up with it to be a good cow-boy; then, like with his dad, went in the cow business. A railroad went through the lower part of the ranch but the stations and little towns was over 20 miles away either way.

He had a nice little spread when I went to work for him, was married and had two boys who done some of the riding. I'd been riding for Dane for quite a few days before I knew he was blind, not totally blind, but, as his boys told me, he couldn't see any further than his outstretched hand, and that was blurred. He couldn't read, not even big print, with any kind of glasses, so he never wore any. That's what fooled me, and he could look you "right square in the eye" while talking to you. What was more, he'd go straight down to the corral, catch his horse, saddle him, and ride away like any man with full sight. Dane knew every foot of the ten miles which the ranch covered on the creek bottom. He had mighty good help in the work

he was doing, and that was the two horses he used, for they was both as well trained to his wants and care as the dogs that are used nowadays to lead the blind and which are called the Seein' Eye.

One of the horses, a gray of about 1,000 pounds, was called Little Eagle. That little horse never missed a thing in sight, or sound. With his training the rustling of the brush close by would make him investigate and learn the cause before leaving the spot. Dane would know by his actions whether it was a newborn calf that had been hid or some cow in distress. It was the same at the boggy places along the creek or alkali swamps. Keeping his hand on Little Eagle's neck, he'd have him go on, and by the bend of that horse's neck as he went, like pointing, Dane could tell the exact location of where any animal was that was in trouble, or whatever it was that was wrong.

About all Dane would have to go by most of the time was the feel of the top muscles on Little Eagle's neck. With one hand most always on them muscles he felt what the horse seen.

*Reprinted and adapted from *Horses I Have Known* by Will James; copyright 1940 by Will James; used by permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons.

Tenseness, wonder, danger, fear, relaxation and about all that a human feels at the sight of different things. Places, dangerous or smooth, trouble or peace.

Unlike most horses it wasn't their nature to keep wanting to turn back to the ranch (home) when Dane would ride 'em away, and they would not turn back until they knew the ride was over and it was time to. There was no danger of either of them ever leaving Dane, for they seemed as attached to him as any dog could be to his master. It was the same way with Dane for them, and he had more confidence in their trueness and senses than most humans have in one another.

One day a powerful big cloudburst hit above the ranch a ways and left Dane across the creek from home. In a few minutes the creek had turned into churning wild waters the size of a big river, half a mile wide in some places and licking up close to the higher land where the ranch buildings and corrals was. It kept on a-raining hard after the cloudburst had fell and it didn't act like it was going to let up for some time, and the wide river wouldn't be down to creek size or safe to cross, at least not for a day or so.

The noise of the rushing water was a-plenty to let Dane know of the cloudburst. It had come with a sudden roar and without a drop of warning, and Dane's horse (he was riding Little Eagle that day) plainly let him know the danger of the wide stretch of swirl-

ing fast waters. Uprooted trees and all kinds of heavy timber speeding along would make the crossing more than dangerous; it would about mean certain death.

Little Eagle would of tackled the swollen waters or anything Dane would of wanted him to, but Dane knew a whole lot better than to make that wise horse go where he didn't want to, any time. Dane could tell by the noise where he was and how wide the body of wild waters was. He knew that the stock could keep out of reach of it on either side without being jammed against the fences, but he got worried about the ranch, wondering if the waters had got up to the buildings. He worried, too, about his family worrying about him, and maybe trying to get to him.

That worrying got him to figuring on ways of getting back. He sure couldn't stay where he was until the waters went down, not if he could help it. It wouldn't be comfortable being out so long in the heavy rain either, even if he did have his slicker on, and it wouldn't do to try to go to the neighbor's ranch, which was some 15 miles away.

He'd just have to get home, somehow, and it was at the thought of his neighbor's ranch and picturing the distance and country to it in his mind, that he thought of the railroad. Then the thought came of the trestle over the creek. Maybe he could make that. That would be sort of a dangerous crossing, too, but the more he thought of it the more he figured it worth tak-

ing the chances of trying. That was the only way of his getting on the other side of the high waters and back to the ranch.

The railroad and trestle was only about half a mile from where he now was and that made it all the more tempting to try. After thinking it over in every way, including the fact that he'd be taking chances with losing his horse also, he finally decided to try, at the risk of both himself and his horse; that is, if his horse seen it might be safe enough. He felt it had to be done and it could be done, and that went to show his faith and confidence in Little Eagle. And that confidence sure wasn't misplaced, for a cooler-headed, brainier horse never was.

There was two fences to cross to get to the railroad and trestle, and it wasn't at all necessary to go through gates, for the swollen waters with jamming timbers had laid the fence down for quite a ways on both sides of the wide river, some of the wire strands breaking and snapping and coiling in all directions.

Little Eagle done considerable winding around and careful stepping as he come to the fences that had been snapped. Dane gave him his time, let him go as he chose, and finally the roar of the waters against the high banks by the trestle came to his ears. It sounded as though it was near up to the trestle, which he knew was plenty high.

He then got mighty dubious about trying to cross, for the trestle was a long one, there was no railing of any kind, and part of it might be under

water or even washed away. Riding between the rails a short ways, he come to where the trestle began and there he stopped Little Eagle. The swirling waters made a mighty roar right there, and how he wished he could of been able to see then, more than any time since his blindness had overtook him.

Getting off Little Eagle, he felt his way along to the first ties of the trestle; he felt the space between each, which was about five inches, and just right for Little Eagle's small hoofs to slip in between, Dane thought. One such a slip would mean a broken leg, and the horse would have to be shot right there. The rider would be mighty likely to go over the side of the trestle, too.

Dane had hardly any fear for himself, but he did have for Little Eagle. Not that he feared he would put a foot between the ties, for that little horse was too wise, coolheaded and careful to do anything like that, Dane knew. What worried him most was if the trestle was still up and above water all the way across. There would be no turning back, for in turning Little Eagle would be too liable to slip a hoof between the ties. The rain had let up but the wind was blowing hard and the tarred ties was slippery as soaped glass.

It all struck Dane as fool recklessness to try to cross on that long and narrow trestle at such a time, but he felt he should try, and to settle his dubiousness he now left it to Little Eagle and his good sense as to whether to tackle it or not. If he went he would ride him across, not try to feel his own

way and lead him; for that way the horse wouldn't be apt to pay as much attention to his footing and to nosing every dangerous step he made. Besides, Dane kind of felt that if Little Eagle should go over the side he'd go with him.

So, getting into the saddle again, he let Little Eagle stand for a spell, at the same time letting him know that he wanted to cross the trestle; for him to size it up and see if it could be done. It was up to him, and the little gray well understood.*

There was a tenseness in the top muscles of Little Eagle's neck as he looked over the scary, narrow, steel-ribboned trail ahead, nervous at the so careful investigation, that all sure didn't look well. Little Eagle, still all tense and quivering some, planted one foot on the first tie, and, crouching a bit, all nerves and muscles steady, started on the way of the dangerous crossing.

Every step seemed like a long minute to Dane. The brave little horse, his nose close to the ties, at the same time looking ahead, was mighty careful how he placed each front foot, and sure that the hind one would come up to the exact same place afterwards, right where that front one had been. He didn't just plank his hoof and go on. Something like a mountain climber feeling and making sure of his every hold while going on with his climbing.

The start wasn't the worst of the crossing. That begin to come as they went further along and nearer to the center. There, with the strong wind

blowing broadside of 'em, the swift waters churning, sounding like to the level of the slippery ties, would seem about scary enough to chill the marrow in any being. But there was more piled onto that, for as they neared the center it begin to tremble and sway. This was by the high rushing waters swirling around the tall, submerged supporting timbers.

Little Eagle's step wasn't so sure then, and as careful as he was there come a few times when he slipped, and a time or two when a hoof went down between the ties, leaving him to stand on three shaking legs until he got his hoof on footing again. With most any other horse it would of been the end of him and his rider right then. As it was, Little Eagle went on, like a tightrope walker, with every muscle at work. And Dane, riding mighty light on him, his heart up his throat at every slip or loss of footing, done his best not to get him off balance, but help him that way when he thought he could. If the shaking, trembling and swaying of the trestle had been steady it would of been less scary and some easier, but along with the strong vibrations of the trestle there'd sometimes come a big uprooted tree to smash into it at a 40-mile speed.

Such goings on would jar Little Eagle's footing to where he'd again slip a hoof between the ties, and Dane would pray, sometimes cuss a little. But the way Little Eagle handled his feet and every part of himself, sometimes on the tip of his toes, the sides of his hoofs and even to his knees,

he somehow managed to keep right side up.

He'd just passed center when, as bad and spooky as things was, there come the sound of still worse danger: a train whistle, and Dane's heart stood still. It sounded like the train was coming his way, facing him, and there'd sure be no chance for him to turn and make it back.

All the dangers and fears piling together now, instead of exciting Dane, seemed to cool and steady him, like having to face the worst and make the best of it. He rode right on towards the coming train. He knew from memory that the railroad run a straight line to the trestle, that there was no railroad crossing nor other reason for the engineer to blow his whistle, unless it was for him, himself. Then it came to him that the engineer must of seen him on the trestle and would sure stop his train, if he could.

Standing up in his stirrups he raised his big black hat high as he could and waved it from side to side as a signal for the engineer to stop his train.

But the train sounded like it was coming right on, and Dane wondered if maybe it was coming too fast to be able to stop. He got a little panicky then, and for a second he was about to turn Little Eagle off the trestle and swim for it. It would of been a long and risky swim, maybe carried for miles down country before they could of reached either bank, and it would of taken more than luck to've succeeded. But if they'd got bowled over by some tree trunk and went down

the churning waters, that would be better, Dane thought, than to be smashed to smithereens by the locomotive.

About the only thing that made him take a bigger chance and ride on some more was that he knew that the whole train and its crew would be doomed before it got halfway on the trestle, and what if it was a passenger train? At that thought he had no more fear of Little Eagle keeping his footing on the trestle. His fear now went for the many lives there might be on the train, and he sort of went wild and to waving his black hat all the more in trying to warn of the danger. But he didn't put on no such action as to unbalance the little gray. He still helped his every careful step, and then there got to be a prayer with each one, like with the beads of the rosary.

Dane rubbed his moist eyes and also prayed he could see, now of all times and if only just for this once, and then the train whistle blew again, so close this time that it sounded like it was on the trestle, like coming on, and being mighty near to him. He had done his best, and now was his last and only chance to save Little Eagle and himself, by sliding off the trestle. He wiped his eyes like as though to better see, and went to reining Little Eagle off the side of the trestle. But to his surprise, Little Eagle wouldn't respond to the rein. It was the first time excepting among the thick brush or bad creek crossings that horse had ever went against his wishes that way. But this was now very different, and puzzled, he tried him again and again,

with no effect, and then, all at once, *he could see.*

Myself and one of Dane's boys had been riding, looking for Dane soon after the cloudburst hit, and seeing the stopped passenger train with the many people gathered by the engine we high-lobed towards it, there to get the surprise of seeing Dane on Little Eagle on the trestle and carefully making each and every dangerous step towards us and solid ground. We seen we sure couldn't be of no use to the little gray nor Dane, only maybe a hindrance, and, being there was only a little ways more, we held our horses and watched. Looking on the length of the trestle we noticed that only the rails and ties showed above the high water; there was quite a bend in it from the swift and powerful pressure and the rails and ties was leaning.

How the little horse and Dane ever made it, with the strong wind, slippery ties and all a-weaving, was beyond us. So was it with the passengers who stood with gaping mouths and tense watching. What if they'd known that the rider had been blind while he

was making the dangerous crossing?

And as the engineer went on to tell the spellbound passengers how that man and horse on the trestle had saved all their lives, they was more than thankful, for, as the heavy cloudburst had come so sudden and hit in one spot, there'd been no report of it, and, as the engineer said, he might of drove onto the trestle a ways before knowing. Then it would of been too late.

The fuss over with as Dane finally rode up on solid ground and near the engine, we then was the ones due for a big surprise. For Dane spotted us out from the crowd, and smiling, rode straight for us and looked us both square in the eye. The shock and years he lived crossing that trestle, then the puzzling over Little Eagle not wanting to turn at the touch of the rein had done the trick, had brought his sight back.

After that day, Little Eagle and Ferret was sort of neglected, neglected knee-deep in clover, among good shade and where clear spring water run. The seein' eyes was partly closed in contentment.



Souvenir

*I*N MY missal there's a holy picture to remind me always to say a prayer, for the man who left it for me, a Japanese whom I saw only once, as he died on Guam.

He was trying to sneak into a bunker behind a little knoll. A patrol had flushed him and two companions from a thicket. They ran into us and were killed.

As a matter of routine, the Marines searched them for grenades, intelligence material, souvenirs.

I put my hand into a wet, sticky pocket. It contained a picture of our Blessed Mother. It was the pocket over his heart.

Cyril J. O'Brien.



Lamas of Tartary

By ABBE HUC

Excerpts from a book*

IN 1844 the Vicar Apostolic sent to us, Fathers Gabet and Huc, French missionaries living in the Twin Ravines section not far from Peking, [Peiping], instructions for an extended voyage to study the character and manners of the Tartars.

We adopted the secular dress of the Tibetan lamas. One touch of a razor sufficed to sever the long tail of hair which, to conform with Chinese fashions, we each had so carefully cultivated ever since our departure from France. We put on long yellow robes, fastened at the right side with five gilt buttons and around the waist by a long red sash. Over the yellow robe was a red jacket with a collar of purple velvet; and a yellow cap, surmounted by a red tuft, completed the new costume. When everything was ready, we proceeded to Dolon-nor (Seven Lakes).

Samdadchiemba, our camel driver, was our only traveling companion. He was an ex-lama. At the age of 11 he had escaped from his lamasery, to avoid the too-frequent and too-severe corrections of the master under whom he was placed. He afterwards passed

the greater portion of his youth in vagabondage, but was finally instructed and baptized by Father Gabet, and attached himself to the service of the missionaries.

Dolon-nor is not a walled city, but a vast agglomeration of hideous houses, which seem to have been thrown together with a pitchfork. The purchases we needed to make gave us occasion to visit the different quarters of the town. The carriage portion of the streets is a marsh of mud and putrid filth, deep enough to stifle and bury the smaller beasts of burden that not infrequently fall within it. The carcasses of these animals remain to aggravate the general stench, while their loads become the prey of the innumerable thieves who are ever on the alert. The footpath is a narrow, rugged, slippery line on either side, just wide enough to admit the passage of one person.

Yet, despite the nastiness of the town itself, the sterility of the environs, the excessive cold of its winter, and the intolerable heat of its summer, its population is immense and its commerce enormous. Russian merchandise

*High Road in Tartary. (Edited by Julie Bedier.) 1948. Charles Scribner's Sons, 597 5th Ave., New York City, 17. 219 pp. \$2.75.

is brought hither in large quantities by way of Kiakta. The Tartars bring incessant herds of camels, oxen and horses, and carry back in exchange tobacco, linen and tea. All sorts of hawkers offer their petty wares at every corner; the regular traders, from behind their counters, tempt passers-by with honeyed words. The lamas, in their red and yellow robes, gallop up and down, seeking admiration for the skillful management of their fiery steeds.

During our stay at Dolon-nor, we had frequent occasion to visit the lamaseries, or lama monasteries, and to converse with the priests of Buddha. The lamas appeared to us persons of very limited information; and as to their symbolism, in general, it is little more refined or purer than the creed of the vulgar. Their doctrine is still undecided, fluctuating amidst a vast pantheism of which they can give no intelligible account. When we asked them for some distinct, clear, positive idea of what they meant, they were always thrown into utter embarrassment, and stared at one another. The disciples told us that their masters knew all about it; the masters referred us to the omniscience of the grand lamas; the grand lamas confessed themselves ignorant, but talked of some wonderful saint in some lamasery at the other end of the country: he could explain the whole affair.

However, all of them, disciples and masters, great lamas and small, agreed in this, that their doctrine came from the West. "The nearer you approach

the West," said they unanimously, "the purer and more luminous will the doctrine show itself to be." When we expounded to them the truths of Christianity, they never discussed the matter. They contented themselves with calmly saying, "Well, we don't suppose that our prayers are the only prayers in the world. We believe in the traditions that have come from the West."

In point of fact, there is no lamasery of any importance in Tartary, the grand lama or superior of which is not a man from Tibet. Any Tartar lama who has visited Lhasa (Land of Spirits), or Monke-jot (Eternal Sanctuary) as it is called in the Mongol dialect, is received, on his return, as a man to whom the mysteries of the past and of the future have been unveiled.

During our short stay at Blue Town, we had constant conversation with the lamas of the most celebrated lamaseries, endeavoring to obtain fresh information on the state of Buddhism in Tartary and Tibet. All they told us served only to confirm more and more what we had learned before on this subject. In Blue Town, as at Dolon-nor, everyone told us that the doctrine would appear more sublime and more luminous as we advanced towards the West. From what the lamas who had visited Tibet said, Lhasa was, as it were, a great focus of light, the rays of which grew more and more feeble in proportion as they became removed from their center.

One day we had an opportunity to talk for some time with a Tibetan

lama, and the things he told us about religion astounded us greatly. A brief explanation of the Christian doctrine, which we gave to him, seemed scarcely to surprise him; he even maintained that our views differed little from those of the grand lamas of Tibet. "You must not confound religious truths with the superstitions of the vulgar," said he. "The Tartars, poor, simple people, prostrate themselves before whatever they see; with them everything is *Borhan*. Lamas, prayer books, temples, lamaseries, stones, heaps of bones—'tis all the same to them; down they go on their knees, crying, "Borhan! Borhan!"

"But the lamas themselves admit innumerable *Borhans*?"

"Let me explain," said our friend smilingly. "There is but one sole Sovereign of the universe, the Creator of all things, without beginning and without end. In India he bears the name of Buddha; in Tibet, that of *Samtche Mitcheba* (All-Powerful Eternal); the Chinese call him Fo; and the Tartars call him *Borhan*."

"You say that Buddha is the one Almighty? In that case who are the grand lama of Lhasa, the bandchan of Jashilumbo, the tsong-kaba of Hsi-fan, the kaldan of Dolon-nor, the guison-tamba of the Great Kuren, the hobigan of Blue Town, the hotoktou of Peking, the chaberon of the Tartar and Tibetan lamaseries?"

"They are all equally Buddha."

"Is Buddha visible?"

"No, he is without a body; he is a spiritual substance."

"So, Buddha is the one Almighty and yet there exist innumerable Buddhas; the grand lama, and so on. Buddha is incorporeal; he cannot be seen; and yet the grand lama, the guison-tamba, and the rest are visible, and have bodies like our own. How do you explain all this?"

"The doctrine, I tell you, is true," said the lama, raising his arms and assuming a remarkable accent of authority. "It is the doctrine of the West, but it is of unfathomable profundity. It cannot be sounded to the bottom."

These words of the Tibetan lama astonished us greatly; the unity of God, the mystery of the Incarnation, the dogma of the Real Presence, seemed to us enveloped in his creed. Yet with ideas so apparently sound, he accepted also the doctrine of transmigration, and a sort of pantheism of which he could give no account. These new revelations respecting the religion of Buddha gave us hopes that we should really find among the lamas of Tibet a symbolism more refined than, and superior to, the common belief, and confirmed us in the resolution we had adopted, of keeping on our course westward.

We came next, in the land of the eastern Tibetans, to a lamasery, the fame of which extends not merely throughout Tartary, but even to the remotest parts of Tibet. Thither pilgrims flock from all quarters, for there was born Tsong-Kaba, the famous reformer of Buddhism. We decided to engage a lama there to teach us, for a few months, the Tibetan language.

According to legend, at the age of three Tsong-Kaba resolved to renounce the world, and embrace the religious life. He later withdrew into the most absolute retirement, avoiding even his parents. He took up his position on the summits of the wildest mountains or in the depths of the profoundest ravines, and there passed whole days and nights in prayer and in contemplation of eternal things. His fastings were long and frequent. He respected the life of even the humblest insect and rigorously denied himself all meats.

While Tsong-Kaba was thus engaged in purifying his heart by assiduous prayer and austerity, a lama from one of the most remote regions of the West casually visited the land and received hospitality. Tsong-Kaba, amazed at his learning and sanctity, prostrated himself at his feet and conjured him to become his instructor. The lamaistic traditions relate that this lama of the western regions was remarkable not only for his learning, the profundity of which was unfathomable, but for the singularity of his appearance. People especially remarked on his great nose. The stranger, being on his part not less struck with the marvelous qualities of Tsong-Kaba, did not hesitate to adopt him as disciple, and for this purpose took up his abode in the neighborhood. However, he lived there only a few years; after having initiated his pupil into the doctrines recognized by the most renowned saints of the West, he fell asleep one day on a stone, on the summit of a mountain, and died.

Tsong-Kaba, deprived of the holy stranger's lessons, became all the more eager for religious instruction, and before long formed the resolution to abandon his tribe and go to the Far West, to drink at their very source the pure precepts of sacred science. He departed alone, staff in hand, but with his heart filled with superhuman courage. At last he arrived at the Land of the Spirits (Lhasa) and selected a humble dwelling in the most solitary quarter of the town.

Despite his secluded residence, however, the monk soon attracted disciples; and before long his new doctrine, and the innovations which he introduced into the lamas' ceremonies, created considerable excitement. At length, Tsong-Kaba resolutely put himself forward as a reformer, and began to make war upon the ancient worship. His partisans increased from day to day, and eventually they became known as the Yellow Cap lamas. The reforms proposed by Tsong-Kaba were adopted throughout Tibet, and afterwards, by imperceptible degrees, were established in all the kingdoms of Tartary. In 1409 Tsong-Kaba, then 52 years old, founded the celebrated monastery of Galdan, three leagues from Lhasa. It still flourishes and contains upwards of 8,000 lamas. In 1419 the soul of Tsong-Kaba, who had supposedly become perfect, quitted the earth and returned to the Celestial Realm.

Upon the most superficial examination of the reforms and innovations introduced by Tsong-Kaba into Lama-

ism, one must be struck with their affinity to Catholicism. The cross, the miter, the dalmatic, the cope, which the grand lamas wear on their journeys or when they are performing some ceremony out of the temple; the service with double choirs, the psalmody, the exorcisms; the censer, suspended from five chains, which can be opened or closed at will; the benedictions given by lamas extending the right hand over the heads of the faithful; ecclesiastical celibacy, spiritual retirement, the veneration of saints, the fasts, the processions, the chaplet, the litanies, the holy water—all these are analogies between the Buddhists and the Catholics.

Setting aside all the marvelous features which have been added to the story by the imagination of the lamas, it may be fairly admitted that Tsong-Kaba was a man raised above the ordinary level by his genius, and also, perhaps by his virtue; that he was instructed by a stranger from the West; that after the death of the master, the disciple, proceeding to the West, took up his abode in Tibet, where he diffused the instruction which he himself had received. May it not be reasonably inferred that this stranger with the great nose was a European, one of those Catholic missionaries who in that very period penetrated in such numbers into northern Asia?

It is by no means surprising that the lamas' traditions should have preserved the memory of that European face, whose type is so different from

that of the Asiatics. We had more than once heard the lamas make remarks about the singularity of our features, and say that we must be of the same land as the master of Tsong-Kaba. It may be further supposed that a premature death did not permit the Catholic missionary to complete the religious education of his disciple; and that the latter, when afterwards he became an apostle, merely applied himself, whether from having acquired only an incomplete knowledge of Christian doctrine, or from having apostatized from it, to the introduction of a new Buddhist liturgy.

But there are differences as striking as the similarities. One day a lama proposed to us a practice of devotion in favor of all the travelers throughout the whole world. "We are not acquainted with this devotion," said we. "Will you explain it to us?"

"This is it. You know that many travelers find themselves, from time to time, on rugged, toilsome roads. Some are holy lamas on a pilgrimage, and it often happens that they cannot proceed by reason of their being altogether exhausted. In this case we aid them by sending horses to them."

"That," said we, "is a most admirable custom, entirely conformable with the principles of Christian charity. But you must consider that poor travelers, such as we, are not in a position to participate in the good work; you know that we possess only a horse and a little mule, which require rest, in order that they may carry us into Tibet."

"Tsong-Kaba!" ejaculated the lama, and then he clapped his hands together and burst into a loud laugh.

"What are you laughing at? What we have said is the simple truth: we have only a horse and a little mule."

When his laughter at last subsided, "I was not laughing at that," said he. "I laughed at your misconceiving the sort of devotion I mean. We send the travelers paper horses!"

And therewith he ran off to his cell, leaving us with an excellent occasion for laughing in our turn at the charity of the Buddhists. We maintained our gravity, however, for we had made it a rule never to ridicule the practices of the lamas. Presently our friend returned, his hands filled with bits of paper, on each of which was printed the figure of a horse, saddled and bridled, and going at full gallop.

"Here!" cried he. "These are the horses we send to the travelers. Tomorrow we shall ascend a high mountain, 30 *li* from the lamasery, and there we shall pass the day, saying prayers and sending off horses."

"How do you send them to the travelers?"

"Oh, the means are very easy! After a certain form of prayer, we take a packet of horses and throw them up into the air; the wind carries them away; and by the power of Buddha they are then changed into real horses, which offer themselves to travelers."

We candidly told our dear neighbor what we thought of this practice, and explained to him the grounds upon which we declined to take any part of

it. He seemed to approve of our sentiments on the subject; but this approval did not prevent him from spending a greater portion of the night printing a prodigious number of horses. Next morning, before daybreak, he went off, accompanied by several colleagues, who were full, like himself, of devotion for poor travelers. They carried with them a tent and some provisions.

All the morning the wind blew a hurricane. When, towards noon, this subsided, the sky became dark and heavy, and the snow fell in thick flakes. We awaited, with anxious impatience, the return of our friend. The poor wretch returned in the evening, quite worn out with cold and fatigue. We invited him to rest for a while in our tent, and we gave him some tea with milk, and some rolls fried in butter. "It has been a dreadful day!" said he.

"Yes, the wind blew here with great violence."

"I'll venture to affirm it was nothing here to what we found it on the top of the mountain! The tent and everything we had with us were carried away by a regular whirlwind, and we were obliged to throw ourselves flat on the ground to save ourselves from being carried away, too."

"It's a sad pity you've lost your tent."

"It is, indeed, a misfortune. However, it must be admitted that the weather was very favorable for conveying horses to the travelers. When we saw that it was going to snow, we threw the horses all up into the air at once, and the wind whisked them off to the four quarters of the world. If

we had waited any longer, the snow would have wetted them, and they would have stuck on the sides of the mountain." Altogether, this excellent young man was not dissatisfied with his day's work.

We had frequent conversations with the contemplative lamas, but we could never exactly ascertain what it was they contemplated up there in their mountain nests. They themselves could give nothing like a clear idea of the matter; they had embraced this manner of life, they told us, because they had read in their books that lamas of very great sanctity had lived in that way. However, they were worthy folk, of peaceful, simple, easy temperaments, who passed their waking hours in prayer; and when tired of praying they found in sleep an honest relaxation.

Besides the hermits, who always dwelt in the rocks above, there were several lamas below who had charge of the unoccupied houses of the lamasery. These by no means looked at life in its refined and mystical aspect; they were, in fact, herdsmen. In the great house where we lived, there were two big lamas who poetically passed their time in herding some 20 cattle, milking them, making butter and cheese, and looking after the calves. These bucolics seemed little given to contemplation or prayer: they sent forth, indeed, frequent invocations to Tsong-Kaba, but this was always on account of their beasts, because their cows multiplied and would not be milked, or because the calves capered out of

bounds over the valley's wide expanse.

We found at Lhasa a very touching custom, and we felt a sort of jealousy at finding it among infidels. In the evening, just as the day is verging on its decline, all Tibetans stop business and meet together—men, women and children, according to their sex and age, in the principal parts of the town and in the public squares. As soon as groups are formed, everyone kneels down, and they begin to chant prayers in undertones. The religious concerts produced by those numerous assemblages create throughout the town an immense solemn harmony, which operates forcibly on the soul. The first time we witnessed this spectacle, we could not help drawing a painful comparison between this pagan town, where all prayed together, and the cities of Europe, where people would blush to make the sign of the cross in public.

The prayer which the Tibetans chant in those evening assemblies varies according to the seasons of the year; on the contrary, that which they repeat on their rosary is always the same and consists of six syllables: *Om mani padme houn*. This formula, which the Buddhists call, by abbreviation, the *Mani*, is not only in everyone's mouth; it may be seen written everywhere in the streets, in the squares, and in houses. On all the flags that float above the doors or over public edifices, there is always a *Mani* printed in Landza, Tartar, and Tibetan characters. Certain rich and zealous Buddhists maintain, at their own expense,

companies of lama sculptors, whose business it is to diffuse the *Mani*. These singular missionaries travel, chisel and mallet in hand, over hill, dale and desert, engraving the sacred formula upon the stones and rocks.

According to the opinion of the celebrated Orientalist, Klaproth, "*Om mani padme houn*" is merely the Tibetan transcription of a Sanskrit formula brought from India to Tibet. Towards the middle of the 7th century of our era, the famous Hindu Tonmi-Sambhodha introduced writing into Tibet; but as the Landza alphabet, which he had at first adopted, seemed to King Srong-Bdzan-Bombo too complex and too difficult to learn, the monarch invited the Hindu scholar to draw up an easier writing, better adapted to the Tibetan tongue. Accordingly, Tonmi-Sambhodha shut himself up for a while and composed the Tibetan writing now in use, which is merely a modification of Sanskrit characters. He also initiated the monarch into the mysteries of Buddhism, and communicated to him the sacred formula, "*Om mani padme houn*," which spread rapidly through all the territory of Tibet and Mongolia.

In Sanskrit this formula has a distinct and complete meaning, which cannot be traced in the Tibetan idiom. Among the Hindus, *Om* is the mystic name of the Divinity, with which all their prayers begin. It is composed of A, the name of Vishnu; of O, that of Siva; and M, for Brahma. This mystic syllable is also equivalent to the interjection *Oh*, and expresses a profound

religious conviction; it is, as it were, a formula of the act of faith. *Mani* signifies a gem, a precious thing; *padma* is the lotus, and *padme* is the vocative of the same word. *Houn* is a particle expressing a wish, a desire, and is equivalent to our *Amen*. The literal sense, then, of this phrase is "Oh, the gem in the lotus! Amen."

The Buddhists of Tibet and Mongolia have not been content with this clear and precise meaning, and have tortured their imaginations in their endeavors to find a mystic interpretation of each of the six syllables composing the sentence. They have written an infinity of voluminous books, wherein they have piled one extravagance on another, to explain their famous *Mani*. We may, however, observe, as it appears to us, that it bears some analogy to the literal meaning: "Oh, the gem in the lotus! Amen." The gem being the emblem of perfection, and the lotus of Buddha, it may be considered that the words express the desire to acquire perfection in order to be united with Buddha, to be absorbed in the universal soul. The symbolic formula, "Oh, the gem in the lotus! Amen," might then be paraphrased thus: "Oh, may I obtain perfection, and be absorbed in Buddha! Amen."

Our return journey was a long and arduous one. At length we arrived, safe and sound, at the frontiers of China, where the climate of Tibet gave us a very cold farewell. In crossing the last mountain, we were almost buried in the snow which fell thick and fast, and

which accompanied us into the valley. It was the early part of June, 1846, and three months since we had departed from Lhasa. According to the Chinese count, we had traveled 1,680 miles.

The Tibetan escort had accompanied us faithfully during the journey. Now, at Tatsienlu, after two days' rest they left us, to return to Tibet. We sent back with them a letter to the regent, in which we thanked him for having assigned to us so devoted an escort, who had kept us constantly re-

minded of the good treatment we had received at Lhasa. On parting from these good Tibetans, we could not help shedding tears, for insensibly, and as it were without our knowledge, ties had been formed which it was painful to sever. The lama governor asked if they might count on seeing us again at Lhasa. We replied that they might, for at that time we fully intended to return some day to Tibet. But God's ways are not our ways. We never saw Lhasa again.



Some Are Compelled

I WAS attempting to start my car on a blazing hot day in Chicago. No luck, it just refused to turn over. In my irritation, I began a tirade of somewhat colorful language. Suddenly out of nowhere something struck me a resounding whack in a tender portion. Looking around, I beheld a diminutive priest restoring an umbrella to its original place over his head for protection from the sun.

He smiled at me calmly and said, "Son, consider yourself chastized in the name of the Lord."

John D. Mellor.



Some Are Impelled

A BISHOP, who was staying at a rather gay country house, came down to breakfast and found a little girl in the room alone.

"Good morning," said the bishop, "can you say the Lord's Prayer?"

The child promptly replied, "Yes, Sir," and said it.

"Very good," said the bishop. "Do you know the Ten Commandments?" The little girl immediately repeated them.

"That is excellent," boomed the bishop. "Now do you know the Catechism?"

To which the exasperated child replied, "Damn it, I am only seven."

Magazine Digest (Dec. '44).

And some are wed to Christ

TEARS FALL at WEDDINGS

By PAUL HENDERSON, C.S.P.

Condensed from the *Savior's Call**

WHEN I was an altar boy many years ago I jealously guarded my turn to serve at weddings.

One feature of a wedding, however, I did not understand even after a year or two of serving. I sought out my mother, not only because she was my private oracle but also because she was a woman.

"Mother," I said, "why do women cry at weddings?"

The answer did not come immediately. It had to be something I could grasp and mother knew my capacity very well. It is proof of her wisdom that I have never forgotten what she said.

"Some women cry merely because they're excited. You laugh and jump around when you watch a parade. Some of the others cry because they're old and would like to be young again like the bride. Then I suppose some cry because they know that the young lady being married will have to work hard to raise a family and make a home. But most of them cry, I think, because they're happy, and that's the only way they can show it."

It is many years since my ordination. During those years I have watched many young women march bravely up the aisle to the altar steps. I have heard

them answer Yes to those well-phrased but uncompromising questions of the ritual.

But not all these young women have been promised to men. Some were the brides of Christ. If you have ever watched Sisters taking their vows, you know that they approach the altar in white veils and promise fidelity to Christ just as other girls promise fidelity to their husbands. The ceremony is called a profession instead of a wedding, but there is the same temptation to cry. I have seen women, and men, too, in tears as they watched a young lady being accepted as a bride of Christ. More than once there has been a lump in my own throat. And often, after returning to the sacristy, I have remembered those words of my mother. Unknowingly, my dear old mother had given me the reasons why we often feel like crying when a girl becomes a nun.

"Some cry because they're excited." And the profession of a nun is exciting. Much more so than the wedding of a man and woman. When a girl accepts the proposal of a young man and marries him, she is making a decision which binds her for life. Of all her suitors she can choose only one. If her choice is an unhappy one, she will

carry her grief to the grave. But some girls receive the supreme compliment of a proposal from Christ. They must choose not only between man and man but between man and God.

It is simple enough for us to say that Christ is the Bridegroom who should be preferred to all others. The issue may not seem so clear cut to a gay young maiden well-nigh intoxicated with the sheer joy of living. When Christ approaches her for the first time to make His proposal, she looks back upon the world for an instant and is amazed at how fair it is. The wind blows strong about her, carrying the perfume of flowers and the music of human voices. She sees young men and women her own age setting out together on a life which promises to be brimming over with happiness. Liberty suddenly becomes the sweetest thing in the world. Can she turn her back upon all this, even to follow Christ? I have helped many a girl make this decision, and I know what a struggle it can be.

Her final answer is given before the altar on the day of profession. God and men alike wait for her free word of decision. It comes. "I vow!" With complete abandon, she throws herself into the arms of Christ. That is drama, impassioned drama. And it could move anyone to tears.

"Some cry because they're old and they would like to be young again like the bride." They regret "what might have been." There will be some who see only themselves kneeling at the altar. They know the tenderness of the

voice which invites a girl to be the bride of Christ because they have heard it themselves. They were not willfully selfish, but perhaps they were so taken with the delights of youth that they failed to heed His gentle persuasion. Now they are sad thinking of the proposal they rejected, and surely God accepts their tears as a tardy recognition of His affection for them.

"Some cry because they know that the young lady will have to work hard." It's hard to be a nun. Perhaps of all the hard things a girl could choose, a nun's way of life is the hardest. She must rise early in the morning, day after day, year after year. She lives by bells. They awaken her in the morning, summon her to chapel, call her to meals, and send her to bed.

A nun must obey the will of others. If Christ asked her personally to do this or that, it would be easy. She would thrive on His requests. But it is only a woman who plans her meals, another who assigns her work, another who tells her how she must dress.

A nun is poor. She always has enough to eat, a clean habit to wear, and a roof over her head. But she cannot indulge those tastes in food, clothes, and home comforts which are so much a part of every woman.

A nun doesn't marry, and that is a heroic sacrifice to make. Every normal girl thrills at the sight of a baby, and longs to hold it in her arms against her heart. It is hard for her to renounce the possibilities of motherhood.

Christ said that His yoke is sweet and His burden light. But He did not

say that there was no yoke at all or that His burden was not real. I have spent many long hours pleading with parents who were on the point of refusing to allow a daughter to enter a convent, but I have never tried to explain away the difficulties of a nun's life. A few people may have tears in their eyes when a girl becomes a nun because they are aware that she is vowing herself to a life of loneliness and pain.

"But most of them cry because they're happy and that's the only way they can show it." They don't envision a lovely young girl becoming a hard-working, confined, perhaps overburdened Sister; they see her as a bride of Christ. She lives under the same roof with Him. She belongs to Him body and soul. He gives her His children to mother. He calls in His best friends, the poor and afflicted, and has her make them comfortable.

And she is happy. No one is happier than a faithful nun. I have often smiled at the unreasonable opinion which so many good Catholic women have of Sisters. They feel so sorry for them. And yet those same women will see a girl marry into moderate or poor circumstances, watch her deny herself comfort after comfort to make ends meet, and even move across the country because of her husband's work. They will see all this and still envy the girl her happiness because "she loves him and that's all that matters." A nun is entitled to that same envy, multiplied a thousand times.

Make a list of all the unpleasant

things that a bride of Christ must do every day of her life. But at the top of the list put: "She loves Him, and that's all that matters."

Her parents are happy when a girl becomes a nun, and here again I speak from experience. At first they are lonely. The house seems empty. They find little satisfaction in the heroism of giving up their daughter to God. But later they discover that she is more theirs than any of their other children. Every daughter who marries places between herself and the love she has for her parents another love. Her husband and children must come first. But the daughter who is espoused to Christ loves her mother and father before anyone else in the world, before anyone except Christ Himself. Parents come to realize that all their loving attention could never make their daughter as deeply happy as she is in her vocation.

There is always work for the Sisters: the orphans must be mothered, the sick must be nursed, the boys and girls must be shaped and trained into sturdy young Catholics, the dying need friends. There are old people, the poor, the suffering. There are sinners who will not pray for themselves but must be converted by the prayers of some little Sister hidden in her convent.

I remember bringing the last sacraments to a lovely old Sister who was finishing a long life in God's service. Old nuns are beautiful. Their eyes seem to reflect the beauty and goodness of God Himself, as if they were already in heaven. I knelt beside the bed of this

old Sister as she made her thanksgiving after receiving holy Viaticum. Nuns are undramatic even in death, but soon there were tears seeping out from under her closed eyelids and slipping down the sides of her face. Why was she crying? Was it because at last she knew that it was all a mistake, this life of loneliness and sorrow, this living by faith, without a family or

home of her own? Or was it because the years had been so full of happiness that she was overcome by the thought of what must be waiting for her in a few short hours? If earth could be so sweet, what must heaven be like?

I saw her tears and soon I felt my own. I am sure this was that happiness mother talked about, the kind that makes you cry.



Sole Expedient

AN OLD Chinese lady gave Father Michael J. McKiernan a present. He started to try on the new cloth shoes for size when she said, "No need for that, Father, I measured your foot before I made them."

"You measured my foot?" the missionary asked.

"Yes, Father. Out here in the country, as you know, we kneel close to the altar. While you were saying the prayers after Mass, I had a chance to measure your shoe."

The Maryknoll Junior (Nov. '48).



Soul Expedient

IT WAS Aug. 23, 1942, my diary relates. I had attended high Mass at St. Patrick's cathedral in Melbourne, Australia, and then gone to a near-by Jesuit community for dinner. After eating, I sat in a study with three Jesuit Fathers, O'Dwyer, Coakley and Boylas, discussing the war. Before long the topic of conversation was General MacArthur, who had earlier arrived in Melbourne.

One of the Fathers laughed and said, "You know, speaking of General MacArthur reminds me of a story, a true one! While the general is here he's been having his clothes sent out and laundered by the Good Shepherd nuns at Abbotsford (suburb of Melbourne). Well, sir, the nuns are determined that God should watch over him. They've opened linings in his clothes and sewed in very tiny medals unbeknown to the general."

We all smiled at the time but now after six years, I'll bet the Good Shepherd nuns of Abbotsford are smiling!

Norman S. Jaques.

All according to pattern

Soviet 'Liberation' of Hungary

By FERENC NAGY

Former Premier of Hungary



Excerpts from
a book*

I FACED a terrifying scene when I came out of the shelter I had lived in during the Russian siege of Budapest. High blockades of concrete, steel girders, lumber, brick, and glass from the collapsed buildings jammed the thoroughfares. The wrecks of thousands of planes, tanks and motor cars were everywhere. Fires burned all over the city.

People cried and begged for food. The water supply had been destroyed; they melted snow by clutching it in their frozen hands. I finally reached the Scottish Mission, where I was to meet Zoltán Tildy to re-establish our Smallholders party. A room in the center of the building, with wrapping paper for window panes, became the first new headquarters of the Smallholders. No propaganda was needed; as soon as people learned that the parties acceptable to the Soviet had begun to reorganize, they streamed in.

The greatest activity centered around the newly emerged Communist party. They selected the most acceptable building (formerly the seat of the nazi *Volksbund*), put it in order, and were operating smoothly

within a few days. The methods of the communists brought hourly surprises. They requisitioned huge structures in every district for use as party club-houses. We concluded that we could not operate long without a headquarters ourselves. Not wishing to trespass on public interest or private property, we requisitioned the former casino building.

The next day we heard that the Communist party was taking over printing plants. We secured a small but well-equipped plant, the *Pester Lloyd*, convinced that when conditions became normal we could come to an agreement with the corporation. The same day, the director of the largest publishing house, the Atheneum, begged us frantically to occupy his plant, too, before the communists requisitioned it. We agreed, and put out the sign, "Occupied by the Independent Smallholders Party." The next morning Red soldiers tore down the sign and took over the plant for the Red army newspaper, *Uj Szó*. This was the first time the Red army actually impaired our activities, and we did not realize the political tendency.

*The Struggle Behind the Iron Curtain. Copyright, 1948, by Ferenc Nagy. Used by permission of the Macmillan Co., publishers, 60 5th Ave., New York City, 11. 471 pp. \$6.

A Communist-party membership card gave the bearer safe conduct amidst the Red army. Soviet soldiers rounded up the male population of the city in a most peculiar fashion, patrolling strategic thoroughfares to pick up every male and detain him in one of the huge courtyards. Everyone was told that the men would be ordered to do some short-term public works, but when groups of a few hundred were lined up in fours and marched at bayonet point towards Gödöllő, people were flabbergasted. When it was learned that the Russians had restored the railroad lines to Gödöllő, and witnesses reported that all these men were packed into railroad cars, people awoke to the fact that thousands of the best men were being deported to the Soviet Union for slave labor.

The Hungarian communists had a great advantage in the fact that they had close communication with the Red army, and that many of them spoke Russian. Their leadership, during the post-siege horrors, tried to convince the trembling population that the Red army bore no ill will—this in the face of boundless rape, pillaging, and murder by Soviet soldiers.

THE barbarism of the Soviet occupying forces can best be judged by the fact that many thousands of Hungarian men were forced to unnatural excesses by Russian women soldiers. The Reds established a recreation camp near Kecskemét for more than 30,000 sick and convalescent women

members of the Soviet army and police forces. From this camp the Russian women banded together at night and swooped down upon the surrounding hamlets, kidnaping the men and sometimes holding them captive for days.

Often these abductions led to the peculiar situation of women and girls hiding, not themselves, but their men in the forests and in haystacks to keep them from the disease-ridden Soviet women troops. The facts were first reported to the Swiss legation in Budapest; the results of its investigation were published by the Swiss Foreign Office in May, 1945.

When the Russians wanted food they simply sequestered everything they could lay hands on, taking away the stores, the supplies of the mills, and even seed reserves. In the villages, they forced the elders, at gun point, to assist in requisitioning, and thus peasant families lost their scanty supplies and sometimes the livestock vitally needed to work the farms.

The condition of the peasant, in those days, was tragic. Not only must he look on helplessly as the Reds carried away his livelihood, but he was exposed to daily torment. When they arrived (and in the early months Russian army trucks stood every day in the village square) the women ran to hide. Anything valuable in sight was immediately lost. The columns of livestock driven eastward along the roads of the country made a dramatic sight. The weaker cattle were used to feed the occupation forces; the rest continued on to Russia.

Soon after its formation, the new police force rounded up at Gyömrő, not far from Budapest, those opposed to communism, and secretly tortured to death or shot down 26 men, including the parish priest. This aroused tremendous indignation throughout the country, with demands for the punishment of the guilty; but the minister of the interior, backed by the Communist party, refused to take any action.

AT Kecskemét the chief of police employed bloody torture to force damaging confessions from suspects. But this man, a Captain Báno, exercised his power in other ways. He had wives and daughters of respected citizens brought in for "questioning." The questioning generally took place at night. All the women were assaulted and raped, except those who, because of their "fake bashfulness," were killed. Wherever a husband, father, or fiancé was caught resisting Báno's men, he was either arrested for deportation to Russia as a prisoner of war or murdered. At best, he was interned or sentenced to jail. The case of Báno is not isolated except in one respect—he did not have a natural end. One night, while he was motorcycling back from one of his little excursions to a country inn, a wire strung across the road between two trees sliced off his head.

No one could get clothes or shoes in the village where my parents lived. My parents had a young driver for whom they wanted to buy clothes and shoes. In the first days of September,

1945, my mother, having had some excess produce, decided to drive into Pécs and barter it for the shoes. The deal was concluded successfully. After dinner at my uncle's home in Pécs they climbed into the cart, a woman from the neighborhood accompanying them. The women talked pleasantly as they rode through the country; my mother spoke of me. They had gone about four miles when the neighbor exclaimed, "Look out, Joe. Stop the horses. A huge tank is following us!"

The driver drove to the side to let the tank pass. A few seconds later, the woman shrieked, "God Almighty, the tank is going to run us over!"

The tank did not use the wide space left for it but headed straight for the peasant cart. The driver, trying to escape, pulled his horses so far to the right that the wheels on that side dug deep into the soft shoulder, practically skirting the ditch.

The huge Russian tank made no effort to avoid the cart; it crashed into it, crushing the back under its steel tread. The protruding gun hit my mother on the head, pushing her off the cart and under the speeding tank, which killed her instantly. The neighbor and the driver fell to the right into the ditch, thus escaping with slight bruises.

After this brutal murder, as if to signify a job well done, the tank made a large semicircle through the bordering field and took the road back to Pécs. Despite the fact that Red soldiers were sitting on the outside of the tank, it did not bother to stop.

I have always tried to make myself believe that this dreadful tragedy had no political intent against me behind it; that it was the impulsive act of a group of drunken Russian soldiers who had lost all human feeling and instinct.

IN THE free election Nov. 4, 1945, the Smallholders had received 57.5% of the votes; the communists and Social Democrats, 17% each; the Peasant party, 7%. The remainder was divided between the Civic Democratic and the Radical parties. Since the Communist party would refuse to join a government in which we had an absolute majority, it was decided that the Smallholders should ask for 50% of governmental power, with the rest divided among the other three parties.

Next came the choice of a prime minister. All agreed that he should be a Smallholder, and the choice quickly fell on Zoltán Tildy. There was as yet no decision as to the constitutional form of the state. The powers delegated to the head of state were vested in a Supreme Council of Three, presided over by the president of the parliament. For three months I was president of parliament and exercised the powers of the head of state with Béla Varga and the communist Leslie Rajk.

It was our conviction that we were expressing the will of the majority of the people in supporting the idea of a republic. We sincerely hoped that under this form of government the Hungarian people, who had so often bled for foreign interests, might at last

live their own lives. Parliament passed the law, and its vote was almost unanimous for a republic. Tremendous crowds on Parliament square cheered my announcement of its decision.

It was then decided that Tildy was to become president, and I felt concerted pressure upon me to accept the premiership, but I instinctively felt that the premiership would destroy my popularity with the people. I accepted, but many a prayer preceded the decision. My thoughts wandered to my mother, who had instilled in me the conviction that the interests of the great family, the community, came before one's own.

Thus, in 1,000-year-old Hungary, a peasant for the first time held the reins of government. For 16 long months I tried to build a new way of democratic life for my country.

Hardly had I become head of the government than I perceived that I was under the constant surveillance of the Russian secret police, the NKVD. After conversations with American or English diplomats or military officials, the NKVD would secretly summon my interpreters and interrogate them as to what had been discussed. Experience proved that those who had once been questioned by the NKVD could no longer be employed in any confidential work. It was under such conditions that the rudder of state had to be held on an even course.

As inflation was still increasing, the National-bank issue took on tremendous importance. The Red army circulated Russian rubles in Hungary. The

National bank was later instructed to call them in, and did so. Several times Russian-army personnel appeared at the National bank, asking for rubles. The management at first refused. Soon Russian Tommy-guns arrived and simply ordered the vaults opened and the rubles surrendered. The Soviet Union did not recognize that the rubles had been stolen by the Russian soldiers, nor that the deliveries were made on vouchers signed by its own control officer. The management was held responsible for the missing currency and, although entirely different persons were responsible for the handling of the ruble accounts, the Russians emphatically demanded that Oltványi, president of the National bank, and his two associates be removed.

BY THE fall of 1946 it became clear that it was no longer the Communist party that was making use of the Soviet Union to further its aims, but the opposite. The Rumanian and later the Polish elections had been under the absolute direction of the Soviet. The free Hungarian election, "permitted by mistake" in 1945, allowed the country far more freedom than the other states in this region enjoyed. For the Soviet Union it became essential to eliminate this difference.

The NKVD swung into deadly action, and nearly everyone in Hungary came under its observation. Men in the confidence of Smallholder leaders were forced to spy on them. Any who were reluctant suddenly found themselves in the dreaded cellars of the NKVD.

The best example of Soviet attempts to secure desired confessions was the case of 22-year-old Leslie Horonyi-Palfy, assistant secretary in the prime ministry. In December, 1945, two officers of the Soviet military police accosted him on the street, pushed him into their unregistered sedan, and drove off to NKVD headquarters. Another Hungarian prisoner, later released, testified to having overheard continuous questioning from six in the evening until three in the morning.

"You are the secretary of the Monarchist movement in Hungary. You will deliver immediately the roster of members and financial supporters. You will name all the leaders of the Smallholders party who take part in this movement. We have definite information that Ferenc Nagy, Bela Varga, Bela Kovacs and 20 other Smallholder members of Parliament are active in the Monarchist movement. You will serve democracy well by naming these people, even if you lack the roster. We shall prepare a sworn statement; you will sign it. These gentlemen are undermining Hungarian democracy in many different ways. It will be to your advantage to do this speedily, because we already have statements from many other witnesses in the case, which, by the way, is directed against the Soviet Union also. Soviet jurisdiction, just and indulgent, rewards true democrats and voluntary confessions, but it punishes stubborn enemies with death."

Horonyi-Palfy repeatedly assured the Reds that he knew nothing of an existing Monarchist movement, had

never had any connection with such an organization, and was innocent of the activities of which he was accused. The only Monarchist group he had ever heard of existed during the German occupation, when he led a group of young partisans against the nazis, blew up their transports, and cut their lines of communication. During the lengthy questioning, the examining major several times instructed some soldiers to beat the frail, pallid young man. At the end of the 15 hours the beating became so severe that Horonyi-Palfy fainted and remained unconscious for more than half an hour.

After Horonyi-Palfy had regained consciousness, the examining Russian major released him with the threat that unless the demanded roster was supplied by the next evening, he would again be taken into custody, this time for good! If he was ready to sign a sworn statement to the effect indicated, he could enjoy a splendid career with the support of the Soviet administration in every respect.

Horonyi-Palfy went directly to his desk in the prime ministry and wrote farewell letters to his parents and to a Smallholder deputy friend. To the latter he described the experience in detail and ashamedly admitted that he could not again bear the NKVD 3rd degree; he was certain that they would exert such physical violence as to force an accusation against the people he loved, a confession contrary to his convictions. He could not swear to something he had never heard of and knew nothing about. Finishing the letters, he

took a gun from the security cabinet. The orderlies found him next morning, his brain blown to bits.

Just before Christmas, 1947, prime-ministry officials received confidential reports that the army's political squad had arrested eight or ten men, including Valentine Arany, former campaign manager of the Smallholders in Budapest; Major Szentmiklossy, who had been imprisoned by the nazis for active resistance; and Bela Demeter, Transylvanian expert of our peace delegation. No one could offer an explanation for the arrests.

Public excitement grew from hour to hour. The political police began a new series of arrests; relatives and friends of newly confined suspects streamed to the prime ministry, protesting loudly against the activities of the political police.

I sought to calm everyone, expecting the situation to clarify itself within a few days, when the prisoners would regain their freedom. In political circles there were rumors that the conspiracy charge was to be broadened so as to involve members of the Smallholders party and the Peasant Alliance. Fear had replaced nervousness, and one could hear bitter outbursts.

We leaders still thought that the "conspiracy" was an episode which could be localized, but the people felt that serious trouble was brewing. A subtle, indefinable air of terror permeated Budapest.

Not one of us connected the supposed "conspiracy" with a political

crisis; the underlying thought behind our decisions was that the charges would be easily proven false.

But the timetable of the "conspiracy" technique has since become common knowledge. It begins with an attack by the communist press, which, despite the firm promise of the minister of the interior, receives special reports on all minute details of the developments. Then the police take the accused into custody. Finally they produce confessions which incriminate other men still at liberty.

One letter had been smuggled out of the jail that informed us about the interrogation methods employed by the communists. The writer had to stand in one spot facing a row of spotlights for five days and nights while he was interrogated, without being allowed either to sit or to lie down. He told us that under such inquisition people could be made to confess anything, and that all persons arrested were being closely questioned about Tildy, too.

On the evening of Feb. 26 I gave a dinner in honor of the chief of the UNRRA mission to Hungary, Stanley Sommers. We had hardly finished dinner when my secretary, Francis Kapocs, came. "I bring you very bad news, Mr. Prime Minister. The Russians have arrested Kovacs."

THE trial of the first group of alleged conspirators began with the accused being held by the political police even after the prosecution had presented its charge and the trial date had been

made public. The accused did not even have a chance to escape from the tortures of the political police before they appeared in the court. They were called upon to defend themselves against the accusations, broken in body and spirit and with shattered nerves. They were unable to obtain lawyers of their own choice to defend them. Most members of the Budapest bar dreaded defending the "conspirators": who would protect the lawyers from the political police or from the possible attacks of the mob?

Only the truly brave Jewish lawyers who were alumni of concentration camps and survivors of the most inhumane persecution dared to appear for the defense; and they were handicapped by being permitted to speak with their clients only ten minutes before the trial, in the presence of police officers. They were accorded two hours for "study" of the large mass of documents produced as evidence. The court saw to it that the audience consisted very largely of communists.

The behavior of the accused was shocking; they testified against themselves virtually to the point of self-persecution. The democratic public had anticipated that they would stand up, one after another, and explain how they had been persecuted by the police and the political squad of the army.

Gen. Louis Dalnoki-Veress, leader of the alleged military conspiracy, made some hints that his confession was involuntary, but did not go into details of how the confession was extracted from him.

Szentmiklossy's conduct was even more surprising. He "confessed" more about his guilt and that of his associates than he was asked to. It was the prevailing opinion that he had been bribed with the promise of a mild sentence if he incriminated himself and his associates.

The conduct of Valentine Arany was most indicative. He began his testimony with the statement that he retracted his confession supposedly made to the interrogating police, because he had not made it nor signed it of his own accord. Just as he was ending this statement, Peter Janko, presiding over the court, adjourned the proceedings and ordered him returned to his cell.

Next day the trial of Arany was not continued, and another accused man was substituted. It soon developed that during the night Arany had been carried off by the Soviet NKVD from the public prosecutor's jail. When he was returned a few days later and appeared before the court, he made no defense but instead fully acknowledged all the accusations.

Judge Janko continued to conduct the trials in accordance with political instructions. He asked the accused principally what they knew against Bela Kovacs and did not refrain from questions directed toward implicating Bela Varga or me.

On one occasion, in the midst of a drinking spree, Peter Janko declared, "When we finish with this group, it will be Ferenc Nagy's turn."

The verdict of the court was decided

in the Communist party. Its decision was that the court must produce three death sentences, two of which would be commuted to life imprisonment by the supreme judiciary council. The third death penalty would be sustained. It was absolutely essential for one man to die in order that the existence of a "conspiracy" be confirmed.

THE year-long struggle in the prime ministry had exhausted me physically, and I decided to go abroad for a few weeks. My predecessors, Count Stephen Bethlen and Nicholas Kallay, could have shut themselves away from everyone on a domestic holiday; but I, the people's man, could hardly do such a thing in my own land. After decades of personal friendship, every peasant claimed ready access to me, and, no matter where I might go in Hungary I should be exposed to constant intrusion.

For a rest abroad, Switzerland alone could be considered. I did not want to go to Russia under any conditions; under the circumstances, it had to be a neutral country, and Switzerland was the logical answer. Furthermore, my daughter was there at school and my wife and I wanted very much to visit her. I scheduled my departure for May 14.

I decided to go to Switzerland by car. The question had arisen whether we should take along our little boy, Lacika, who was not yet five, but in view of previous experiences we decided to leave him at home. He had accepted the decision; however, at the

hour-for departure, he tied his red miniature automobile to the rear of our large car, in order that he might follow us, and he wept bitter tears when I untied his little red car and he had to remain behind.

At the end of my first week's stay in Switzerland, my secretary told me by telephone that, aside from minor matters, the political scene was calm. At last I was able to fulfill a lifelong ambition to observe Swiss agriculture. As I tramped through the sun and air, my strength and spirit revived. All would yet come right in Hungary. The international skies would clear. The Russians would relax as the war receded. We Hungarians, under free institutions at last, would develop our country into another such garden spot as Switzerland. I would make my own little farm at Bisse into a model. So it all seemed to me in the high, bright mountain air.

AFTER two weeks in Switzerland we thought of spending a day or two in Italy on the seashore. We marveled at the beautiful Swiss roads, and at night, after some trouble with the car, arrived at Locarno.

The telephone rang in my hotel room at 7 P.M. My secretary was on the line and, in an excited, trembling voice, requested that I return at once to Budapest.

"What has happened, son?" I asked.

"I can only say this—the prime minister's honor is at stake," he said.

When I pressed for an explanation, a new voice came over the line. "For

heaven's sake, come home and clear yourself," requested one of my fellow Smallholder ministers.

"Tell me—what is this all about?" I asked.

"We have just been convened for a cabinet meeting, and you will be the topic of discussion," came the answer.

"I cannot imagine what you are talking about," I answered.

My secretary, Kapocs, took the telephone again.

"Tell everyone that I am starting back tomorrow morning. What does the president say?" I asked.

"He would also advise you to come home."

"I hear that there will be a cabinet meeting," I said. "Surely it will be over by eight. I will call you then and you can tell me what's up."

"Yes," answered my secretary.

An hour later I called my secretary. "The cabinet has drafted a communique stating that General Sviridov [head of the Allied Control Commission] has now replied to the request of the prime minister for the release of Bela Kovacs to the Hungarian authorities. General Sviridov declares that he cannot comply with the request because the Kovacs investigation has not yet been completed, but he attaches for possible use a transcript of Kovacs' confession. The cabinet has decided to request the prime minister to terminate his vacation and return to Budapest," Kapocs reported.

"I'm starting home tomorrow morning," was my answer. The telephone rang shortly after I had hung up, and

an unfamiliar voice was on the other end.

"Mr. Prime Minister, Francis Kapocs was arrested by the political police this evening at nine, hustled to prison, and then they proceeded to crack your safe and rifle it of private and official documents."

This disgraceful audacity disturbed me even more. They would not even wait until I could return and refute allegations, but arrested and dragged off my secretary. What did they want?

BEFORE I went to bed that evening, a Hungarian living in Switzerland, uninformed about the developments of the last few hours, called unexpectedly to caution me about one circumstance.

"Immediately after you arrived in Switzerland, I was visited by a Hungarian leftist official. He asked me to watch you daily, try to find out whom you met, possibly also what you talked about, and make daily reports to a third party who would meet me for the purpose of receiving them. I gave him the impression that I would accept the assignment. They then promised me all sorts of things and held out the prospect of granting me requests which hitherto they had flatly refused. I am convinced that the secretive third person who was trying to engage me for this assignment is Joseph Szall, the communist secretary of the Hungarian legation in Bern."

"It is now unnecessary for you to accept this role because I am returning home tomorrow morning," I answered.

Our luggage was already in the car, and my wife and daughter, when I lit a cigarette before getting in. Just then the hotel porter came running. Francis Gordon, Hungarian envoy in Bern, was on the telephone.

"Thank heaven I was able to reach you," Gordon began his conversation. "Foreign Minister Gyongyosi called a few minutes ago and personally instructed me to find you anywhere and tell you that you must under no circumstances leave Swiss territory."

"What kind of a request is this?" I asked. "Last night everybody wanted me to return to Budapest as soon as possible."

My wife suddenly called out, "Lacika! If only we had brought my little angel with us!" I also thought of Lacika and recalled his every motion when he was tying his little car to our automobile, and his weeping face when we left him behind. Then I visioned my father: the broken old peasant whose happy moments were perhaps confined to those when he heard of my successes in public life; my wife's mother, who shared her loneliness with my father. I saw my little house in Bisse, the vineyards, the border, the Baranya hills and woods. Should I lose all this because I had served my country and my people honorably? I thought that even slavery at home would be better than being an exile. But should I be a slave at home? I did not fear slavery, but I wondered what the political consequences of my possible subjugation would be.

While I tossed in a Siberian prison,

what type of a statement would appear in my name? I wondered what type of confessions they would attribute to my pen, to incriminate other Hungarian leaders. Death would be preferable to being a tool in the hands of those against whom I conducted the silent struggle for two years and the much misunderstood battle for my country's independence and my people's freedom.

I COULD neither dismiss the matter nor make a decision. To go home, to go home—the sound came breaking through to my soul.

At two in the afternoon, I received a telephone call at the legation from Stephen Balogh, a priest member of the Smallholders party. He said things had reached a point where my return could do no good; it would be better for me to remain in Swiss territory and resign from there, at the same time emphasizing my innocence.

"Your resignation from abroad would facilitate a quick solution of the problems the government and the Smallholders are facing, and you would spare the Hungarian people added suffering," said Balogh.

"But why do they want me to resign? Why should I? What is the charge against me?"

"You remember that you requested that Bela Kovacs be placed in the hands of the Hungarian authorities," Balogh stammered. "General Sviridov now answers that the police cannot surrender Kovacs because their investigation is still in progress, and says he

has Kovacs's confession alleging that you were aware of the conspiracy; as a result, you were under serious attack in the cabinet meeting."

"But this accusation is false, and of all people Kovacs knows it best of all. How can I be charged on the basis of this kind of confession?"

"Please understand, that is not the issue. There is no point in discussing it at this time. The general opinion here is that you would help the Hungarian people greatly if you would send your resignation from abroad."

I replied, "If my resignation can really help them I am prepared to consider the matter. You can tell them that I will sign and deliver my resignation here under certain conditions: 1. that they immediately send my little boy to Switzerland; 2. that they release my secretary, Francis Kapocs, and enable him to join me; 3. that Henry Hives, the chief of my cabinet, suffer no harm on his return to Hungary just because he happened to accompany me on this trip; 4. that the news, as published in Hungary, cast no reflection on my integrity; further, that my son, on duty with the Washington legation, immediately be given leave; and finally, that there be no confiscation of my few possessions at home as if I were a traitor. I specify no political conditions."

"I can promise immediately that your little boy will be sent. I will communicate your other conditions to the 'authorities,'" Balogh replied.

Our anxiety turned in the direction of an insignificant small dot, so far as

the world was concerned—our little boy Lacika, not quite five, whom we had left at home. My wife's suffering became almost unbearable. Every thought of every moment of the day revolved about Lacika. Disquieting news from Budapest indicated that the authorities had made no move to send the child on his way.

Budapest wanted my resignation very urgently. Joseph Szall, the communist secretary of the Bern legation, then called on me and said he had been instructed to obtain my resignation and take it to Budapest; only then would the child be released. I rejected this extortion in anger and told him I would give my letter of resignation only on Swiss territory in exchange for my child.

On the evening of that same day, May 31, we received word that my son Lacika had finally reached Vienna, was spending the night at the legation, and would continue on to Switzerland next day. He was accompanied by his nurse and a communist employee of the foreign ministry, instructed to deliver the child in exchange for my resignation.

On the morning of June 1, I composed my letter of resignation, to be ready if my child should arrive unexpectedly and they satisfied my conditions. There remained but one important demand, aside from the return of Lacika: that Francis Kapocs be set free. With breaking hearts we awaited news of the arrival of my little boy.

Late at night we received a tele-

phone message that Lacika would reach the Swiss border the afternoon of the 2nd. By that time we were already at Versoix, in a rather simple hostelry, because we could not have borne the cost of the elegant Bern hotel for even a few days. We thus started from the shores of Lake Geneva to meet Lacika on the northeastern border of Switzerland. My resignation was ready, but I decided to surrender it only if they also satisfied my demand for the liberation of my secretary.

As we approached Buchs, my wife became increasingly nervous. When she caught a glimpse of Lacika, just across the border, my dear wife, strong and steadfast through so many troubles, fainted; and it was some time before the kind Swiss border officials could revive her. I went forward to speak with the communist employee who had brought the child. He requested my letter of resignation.

"Did you bring me any letter or message?" I asked him.

"No, they intrusted me with nothing other than your child."

"Have they or have they not set my secretary, Francis Kapocs, free?" I asked.

"I can't answer that question. The Budapest papers did not mention it, but there have been some rumors that Kapocs has been freed."

"I conclude that my condition that they free my secretary has not been satisfied, and I therefore do not surrender my letter of resignation. However, I will give you the opportunity to call Budapest and inform them that

I insist that they meet this condition."

"But please, sir, that is impossible. I am required to take back the letter of resignation in exchange for the child."

"I will not discuss the matter further. You will either communicate with Budapest, or you will not receive my letter of resignation."

At this point Szall interjected, "But that is not the agreement."

"I did not negotiate with you and therefore will not discuss the matter with you," I answered.

NERVOUS telephoning from the booth of the border police began. Lacika began to cry in the locked automobile, which he was not allowed to leave as long as the affair was unsettled. His mother finally entered the car and sat alongside him, and I held his hand through the window, both of us trying to quiet him.

I was called to the telephone. The Bern legation was on the line. "Secretary Szall reports that you are unwilling to surrender your letter of resignation in exchange for the child, but insist upon the liberation of Kapocs. As you know, I had to discuss your staying in Switzerland with Swiss authorities, and I am obliged to tell you that from their viewpoint it is extremely inconvenient that this affair of world political significance take place in this neutral country. I know that the Swiss government would not view

it in a good light if you refused to deliver your resignation and defaulted while you were on Swiss territory," said Minister Gordon. With this sentence my last weapon fell from me.

I told Gordon that I would respect the considerations of the Swiss government and would surrender my letter of resignation. The communist emissary then reported that he had talked with Budapest and was told to inform me that Francis Kapocs would not be freed because he was a "dangerous conspirator."

"I will dictate an affidavit to the effect that your principals have not met my condition with reference to my secretary, which you will sign, and I will then deliver to you my letter of resignation," I told him. The affidavit was written on the fender of the car. He signed it, and I acknowledged it.

At last, holding my child in my arms, I handed the communist my letter of resignation, the document they wanted so badly, to make their *coup d'etat* "legal."

But they did not take the civilized world into account. While the communists could extort the letter of resignation from me, world public opinion, aroused by their connivance and their methods, turned on them. In judging, present-day history ironically enough has never regarded as valid their claim to the legality of the *coup*, but concerted regarded it as a stage in the communist penetration of the world.



A PROUD man is like an egg. An egg is so full of itself that there is no room for anything else.

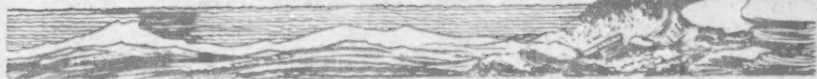
Albert Nimeth, O.F.M., in the *Forum* (Oct. '48).

The found in Lost and Found

Beachcombers Do All Right

By JAMES C. G. CONNIFF

Condensed from the *Marianist**



BEACHCOMBING as a profession may not be socially acceptable, but if you can get away with pretending you do it for fun, there's a good chance it may net you a fortune or part of one. Atlantic City was unique among American beaches, in the 20's, for the wealth concealed in its sands. Not a day went by that my brother and I didn't net at least \$1 each in small change. Some days the take was, for us, astronomical.

But the small change you could find right out under the beach umbrellas was nothing compared with the treasure that dwelt in a place many people, even today, don't know about: around the base of the pilings under piers. The rocks of jetties are rich in plunder, too. Somehow the tide seems to work heavier objects like coins in around these man-made obstacles. From six inches to a foot below the surface of the sand, we often found as much in an hour as we could in a day out in the open. It finally got so that my grandmother forbade us to go anywhere near the piers; for while other kids had developed tans, my brother and I were paying for our avarice by remaining as frog-belly white as we

were the day we arrived a month earlier.

Ranged against professionals like the fellow on the Gulf coast who makes a handsome living all year round as a comber, of course, Atlantic City was strictly kid stuff. But there are still plenty of people who find some really valuable items.

The recent discovery of gold coins from the 17th century in the sands of a little northern New Jersey fishing hamlet, for instance, was sufficient evidence of pirate treasure to force the local police to ban the mob of city slickers that descended on the place. The outsiders carried their frenzy for gold right up the front lawns of the townsfolk. One burgher woke on the morning after the first coins were found to see a total stranger vigorously spading the daylights out of his prize petunia bed.

But even that isn't what the part-time comber means when he tells you, if he'll tell you anything at all, that thar's gold in them thar sands. Big strokes of luck like this one are exceptional, of course, but closer to the general idea. At Monmouth beach, New Jersey, a year-round resident was stroll-

*University of Dayton, Dayton, 9, Ohio. November, 1948.

ing one evening with his dog. It was late November, and nobody had been in swimming for weeks. Suddenly the dog lifted his nose from the sands where he'd been tracking tiny sand bugs to eat. At point for an instant, he dropped all pretense, and dashed for a dark bundle lying close under a bulkhead. His master followed and found a water-soaked, man's suit coat. He went through it for identification, but there was none, not even a label nor laundry tag. In one pocket, however, was a soggy mass of paper. Money. The man took it home, dried it out. It came to \$3,400! The police, after a diligent search, agreed that it was salvage and the man put it where its owner should have: in the bank. The dog got a T-bone steak.

Commoner by far is the finding of good hauls of lumber. Occasionally a lot of new-cut lumber comes in, of which anybody can recognize the value. But it takes the shrewd comber to recognize precious woods once the sea has worked them over. A fisherman on a Maine beach got help the day he spotted some gigantic logs rolling in the surf, pulled them in, and got a good price for what he, in true Yankee fashion, had immediately spotted as Honduras mahogany. Teak is another profitable find, more frequent before the war, on our West coast. Two veterans in the Carolinas found enough lumber, of all shapes and sizes, on their beach in one week to build themselves a six-room house. A deck-load of timber from a freighter had, apparently, burst its lashings and come

in on the tide. Many coastal dwellers never spend a nickel on coal; driftwood, big and little, supplies them with fuel to spare. And there's nothing like dried driftwood for a roaring fire.

There's always the sad mistake, though, to spoil things. One old fellow had hauled up thousands of six-foot, square-cut poles, and enjoyed the pretty flame with which they burned all winter. Came spring, and a friend from the city dropped in, noticed a few still left in the woodshed, and examined them.

"Say, where'd you get these?" he whistled.

The fellow told him. "Been burning them all winter, too," he said proudly.

The visitor turned white. "Pretty expensive fuel," he said finally. "These are billets of lemonwood, Pop, used for archer's bows. They'd have fetched you a handsome price in town!"

Stories like the one about the little girl who found a pink pearl, or the one about the young man who found two rare seashells worth \$500 each, or the fellow I knew from Baton Rouge, La., who found, not one, but a *pair* of platinum earrings under an old orange skin, are the ones that keep newspapers readable, of course, but they don't give thrills comparable to that of finding, as I did not long ago, a dime between my own toes in the sand.

Wherever ships ply, beaches come up with surprises. During Prohibition it was a rare beach that didn't get its regular quota of barrels of illicit liquor, tossed overboard by rumrunners in fear of the Coast Guard. Nowadays it

may be a drum of high-octane gasoline, a five-gallon tin of Maraschino cherries, or even a fully equipped lifeboat washed off some coastal freighter, oars and all. One such came in on a beach in Delaware with the ship's cat meowing mournfully in the sternsheets. From the name on the lifebelts, the comber was able to go sentimentally out of his way to locate the ship through her owners and restore to the happy crew their wandering mascot. The owners paid him full salvage rates for their lifeboat.

Just a few doors from me at this moment lives a man with an expensive Swiss chronometer on his wrist. He picked it up on a beach last winter. A fellow in Florida found a sleek motor launch bumping his pier one morning, without hide or hair of occupants. Two fellows not far away go fishing in an amphibious duck they salvaged from the sands south of Barnegat bay. A man I had lunch with at the Angler's club in New York last year wears a three-carat diamond stickpin

his wife ran across while sifting sand through her fingers on Jones beach on Long Island. A chap in the South treasures the ancient rosary he found aboard an old hulk that was ripped from the bottom by a hurricane and hurled onto his beach about two years ago.

The biggest difficulty a nonprofessional comber has to face is what happens to him after his first worth-while find. From then on he's a haunted man with a purpose. His eyes narrow and constantly scan the waves. He develops pains in his back from bending to examine anything that merits a second glance. He forgets that there is a sky and bends his curiosity underfoot. Let him catch a glint of metal 200 yards off shore and he will pace back and forth with the changing currents until the canister is at wading distance. Sometimes this takes hours. And what a picture of futility when he opens what he had hoped was a can of Elberta peaches or maybe pieces of eight, and finds he has salvaged an empty tin!



The Open Door

7IFTY-FOUR years ago I was a student nurse in a southern hospital. Though it was often my duty to attend the dying, I found nothing strange nor unseemly in the fact that the relatives of the dying stood beside the bed, often weeping bitterly, but never uttering a prayer.

The first time I saw a Catholic die, with the attending priest and the family saying prayers for the dying, I decided that I wanted to die a Catholic.

I was instructed during Lent, baptized on Holy Saturday, and received my first Holy Communion on Easter, 1897.

Clara S. Catherwood.

For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$25 will be paid on publication. Address Open Door Editor. Manuscripts cannot be returned.

The 49-ers and John Sutter

By ALFRED H. BECKER

Condensed from the *Catholic Home Messenger**

ON JUNE 16, 1880, a U.S. Congress abruptly adjourned. It failed to pass a certain bill. Two days later, a broken-hearted man lay ill in his room in the Mades hotel, near the Capitol. In the fleeting moments that remained to him he brooded over Congress's caloused unconcern.

"They took my empire, my New Helvetia. Why, oh why?"

The doctor removed his solicitous hand and beckoned his patient to speak. The feebly uttered words were to prove historically significant, "California, it won't forget me. Neither will my people. Did I not help them? But my empire; it is gone. They took away my empire and gave the world, California, John Sutter's California." He breathed heavily. "For that, only that, I must be satisfied."

Those present leaned closer. They knew whereof he spoke. . . .

On Feb. 15, 1803, the man whose name was to mean as much to California as the virgin gold taken from her crystal clear springs, was born in Kandern, on the Swiss border. His



name was John A. Sutter.

Sutter might have been a military man. Army movements in the Napoleonic wars were a familiar sight to him. But that raw wilderness of the New World forever presented a challenge: a lush empire to be hewn out of untouched nature. His

wife, Annette, did not share his enthusiasm. The Swiss countryside seemed as green and enchanted to her as the uncouth beauty of the New World did to her husband. She did not, however, attempt to discourage him, and John joined that intrepid group who sought out American shores. Annette would remain at home until their children were better able to withstand the rigors of New World travel.

Sutter would never remain satisfied any place where possibilities were limited. Missouri, in 1834, with its Swiss and German population, might be suitable for homesteaders. But to Sutter there remained only one direction: westward, to the "promised land." He explored the region near Santa Fe;

then moved on to Westport (now a part of Kansas City); then to Fort Laramie, with a caravan of fur traders; then to Fort Hall, in Idaho, with a group of missionaries; to Fort Boise; across the Blue Mountains to Fort Walla Walla; to Fort Vancouver, where he found temporary sanctuary with the Hudson's Bay Co.

He continued his travels; learning much thus far but profiting little in his quest for an empire. He crossed the Pacific to Honolulu on the trading ship *Columbia*. The island paradise did not strike a responsive chord, so he signed on another trading ship, the *Clementine*, bound for Sitka, Alaska. Then he went south to Yerba Buena (now San Francisco).

Yerba Buena, fast becoming a focal point for international trade and a Mexican stronghold, would seem to have been fertile territory for Sutter. But it remained for the Mexican generals Alvarado and Vallejo, to dissuade him in his purpose. They did, however, tell him enough of a section about 100 miles to the north, land they might feel disposed to favor him with should he meet certain requirements of Mexican sovereignty.

Sutter needed no second invitation. He chartered a schooner, the *Isabella*, and a yacht, the *Nicholas*, and loaded them with every conceivable item of general merchandise. Then he sailed up the Sacramento river, avidly scanning every mile along the dubious passage.

The eventful day finally arrived. On Aug. 12, 1839, John Sutter, with tears

of joy streaming down his rugged face, pointed to some superlatively fertile land, and shouted enthusiastically, "There is my promised land. There I will build my settlement. I shall call it New Helvetia." New Helvetia means New Switzerland.

It took four years of sweat and privation, years that would have wilted the physical capacity of the average man, to complete a fortress. But the results more than warranted the efforts. The outer walls, circling about five acres, were sturdily built of adobe, two and one-half feet thick and 18 feet high. The interior buildings housed stores, shops, and living quarters. The big stronghold was heavily equipped and adequately manned. Sutter encouraged one Samuel Kyburz to operate a lodging house, which proved so profitable that Kyburz later disdained panning gold in favor of catering to the demands of gold-crazed miners.

Sutter employed Indians to construct his fort, and when doubting settlers asked him about it he merely said, "I tamed them." When the skeptics continued to wonder just how one could tame any Indian, Sutter told them, "Through kindness." Sutter always felt that men would repay kindness with loyalty.

Under Mexican rule, Mexican citizenship was necessary to secure land grants. In this Sutter concurred. He felt that his future depended upon the existing government. Always a God-fearing man and deeply impressed with the unselfish work of the padres, he became a Catholic, and seemingly

practiced his faith well. Governor Alvarado needed only this latter move to become convinced that John Sutter was entitled to a land grant of approximately 48,827 acres. A subsequent purchase of Fort Ross from the Russians added to his extensive holdings, and Sutter proclaimed himself satisfied.

Then came a guest to the fort, one Capt. John Fremont, American army officer, and Sutter later had reason to remember him. Others of importance accepted Sutter's hospitality: Kit Carson, famed scout and guide; Maj. Gen. William T. Sherman, Pierson B. Reading, Peter Lassen, and Mexican Gen. M. G. Vallejo.

No man was ever turned away. Sutter supplied funds to the indigent with little hope of repayment. Listed as employees on his payroll were men who never turned over a spadeful of earth. But those were halcyon days, and Sutter welcomed everyone; he felt that only men could make his western country great.

A never-to-be-forgotten example of Sutter's solicitude for his fellowman was the speed which he dispatched aid to the ill-fated Donner party. That intrepid group, ever revered by historians as a cogent example of hardy Americanism, was snowbound in the Sierra Nevadas, at Donner lake. They were almost within sight of the land they struggled so hard to reach. Scouts reached Sutter's fort with horrible tales concerning the freezing, starving men. Sutter responded with immediate aid to the pitifully emaciated handful of survivors. The rescue attempt itself

was hazardous. Sutter ~~went~~ when he saw only seven wasted men being carried through the fortress gates, and heard from their own lips about the hardships they had endured.

He saw some military service with the government that always encouraged his rapidly expanding colony. During one particular engagement he was captured by the insurgents in Los Angeles. But so respected was his name that his captors hurriedly released him. The Mexican government rewarded his gallantry with additional land grants.

But the American caravans, pushing ever westward, did not see eye to eye with Mexican sovereignty in California. And it remained for Captain Fremont, Sutter's guest, to encourage open rebellion. With a small surveying party of old mountaineers, and some indomitable pioneers of the Sacramento valley, Fremont struck quickly and boldly. He proclaimed the Bear Flag republic; a highly successful *coup*, raising an extremely controversial issue between Mexico and the U. S. High-ranking Gen. M. G. Vallejo, his brother Salvador, and others were imprisoned in the fort.

There seems to be no doubt that the rebellion was prompted, if not endorsed, by the U. S. government, and that Sutter's friendship for the Americans played an important part in it. Perhaps Sutter was sincere; perhaps he was an opportunist, coveting further territorial expansion.

Then came that fateful day, Jan. 24, 1848. Gold had been discovered in the

American river, in the millrace at Sutter's sawmill, about 50 miles from the fort. James W. Marshall, a close friend of Sutter's, has the distinction of having made the discovery, so world-wide in its importance that this normally quiet man betrayed his secret all too soon. Sutter could not adequately prepare himself against the inevitable onrush of treasure seekers.

But Marshall did not tell Sutter first. Staggering into Sutter's office in a semihysterical condition, he thrust out his gnarled hand to display his tiny pellets. Sutter stared in disbelief. As realization slowly dawned on him the importance of the discovery filled him with apprehension. He admonished Marshall to withhold information as to the location of all this gold. First he must think, then he must prepare. After that the world could know.

A thousand thoughts raced through Sutter's mind. He did not covet the precious metal. He had built an empire of soil-tillers; of cattlemen; of sheepmen. They were the foundation of the Bear State.

Marshall knew how his friend felt, but this momentous discovery temporarily distorted his mind. He reasoned that others would soon know. The raging fever of accomplishment caused him to become careless in his talk, and the rush for Sutter's millrace was on.

Hundreds of claims were staked. Men worked desperately. Mineralized quartz ledges were uncovered. Then followed the important prospecting of 1849 and 1850.

With wealth came disorder. Thieves

and gamblers rubbed shoulders with the law abiding. The miners, their pockets bulging with hard-earned gold dust, were gullible and reckless.

But John Sutter, the benefactor, and James Marshall, the discoverer, suffered most through this gold lust. Squatters and others of their ilk merely helped themselves to parcels of Sutter's land. Sutter had few loyal friends left to restrain them. His empire dwindled; but the great pioneer spirit fought back.

In a last frantic effort to protect his holdings Sutter transferred ownership of them to his oldest son, John, Jr. Creditors and land grabbers were temporarily halted.

As the furious gold traffic moved away to newer and more lucrative fields, the residents of the fort cast their lot with the relentless hordes. By 1849 Sutter's New Helvetia was no longer his. A colonial empire was ravaged by a new kind of prosperity.

About January, 1850, John was reunited with his faithful wife, Annette, and their children. Mrs. Sutter, though tolerant of her husband's colonial dreams, could not understand the change the years had wrought in him.

He sought forgetfulness in politics, and was made U. S. consul to Acapulco. He encouraged his sons to enter business and finance. Only Alphonse, the youngest, inherited his father's love of adventure. He died young.

Out of Sutter's entire empire there remained only the Hock farm, on the Feather river. That, too, was ruthlessly taken from him by a fire which com-

pletely destroyed the buildings and deprived the world of priceless historical documents. By 1864 Sutter's income had dwindled to a monthly pension of \$250 awarded to him by the California legislature, a mere pittance compared with the great sums he had given away to build the state itself.

Sutter left his beloved California for the nation's capital in a final, determined effort to persuade Congress that he should be reimbursed for land losses sustained through adverse court deci-

sions. Public sympathy seemed to be with his cause, but Congress continued to shelve the issue. Six years later, still seeking the recognition he so richly deserved, Sutter retired to quiet Lititz, Pa., where he is buried.

His general health failed, but the once wealthy pioneer continued to live in hope. But Congress was adamant. On June 16, 1880, it adjourned again, without passing the bill that would at least have been a gesture of recognition.



This Struck Me

*S*IR THOMAS MORE* *has just been condemned to be hanged, cut down while yet alive, ripped up, his bowels burnt in his sight, his head cut off, and his body quartered. Before him sit the solemn judges who have just tried him in an empty show, fulfilling, not justice, but the King's will. More rises and makes his answer. His concluding words struck me because they echo the Church's plea for unity of Christians on earth to foreshadow a unity in heaven.*

I trust that as Paul persecuted Stephen even to death and yet both are now united in heaven, so we, too, who are now at variance in this world and differ in our opinions, may be one in heart and mind forever in the world to come. In this hope, I pray God to preserve you all, and especially my lord the King, and to deign always to send him faithful counselors.

**In The Life and Illustrious Martyrdom of Sir Thomas More by Thomas Stapleton. Translated by P. Hallet. London: Burns, Oates & Washburne.*

For similar contributions of this length with an explanatory introduction \$25 will be paid on publication. We are sorry, but it will be impossible to acknowledge or return contributions. Acceptance will be determined as much by your comment as by the selection.

The Prayer of General Patton

By CHAPLAIN
JAMES H. O'NEILL



Condensed from the
*Military Chaplain**

I RECEIVED a telephone call the morning of Dec. 8, 1944, when the 3rd Army headquarters were located in the Caserne Molifor, in Nancy, France. "This is General Patton; do you have a good prayer for weather? We must do something about these rains if we are to win the war."

My reply was that I knew where to look for such a prayer, and that I would report within the hour. As I hung up the telephone receiver, about 11 in the morning, I looked out on the steadily falling rain, "immoderate" I would call it, the same rain that had plagued General Patton's army throughout the Moselle and Saar campaigns from September until now.

The few prayer books at hand contained no formal prayer on weather that might prove acceptable to the Army commander. Keeping his immediate objective in mind, I typed on a 5" x 3" filing card, "Almighty and most merciful Father, we humbly beseech Thee, of Thy great goodness, to restrain the immoderate rains with which we have had to contend. Grant us fair weather for battle. Graciously hearken to us as soldiers who call upon

Thee that, armed with Thy power, we may advance from victory to victory, and crush the oppression and wickedness of our enemies, and establish Thy justice among men and nations. Amen."

This done, I donned my heavy trench coat, crossed the quadrangle of the old French military barracks, and reported to General Patton. He read the prayer copy, returned it to me with a very casual directive, "Have 250,000 copies printed and see to it that every man in the 3rd Army gets one." The size of the order amazed me: this was certainly doing something about the weather in a big way. But I said nothing about it but, "Very well, sir! If the general would sign the Christmas greeting on the other side of the card the men would like it." He signed the card, returned it to me, then said, "Chaplain, sit down for a moment; I want to talk to you about this business of prayer." He rubbed his face in his hands, then rose and walked over to the high window, and stood there with his back toward me as he looked out on the falling rain. As usual, he was dressed stunningly, and his six-foot

*1751 N St. N. W., Washington, D. C. October-November, 1948.

two, powerfully built physique made an unforgettable silhouette against the great window. The General Patton I saw there was the commander to whom the welfare of the men under him was a matter of personal responsibility. Even in the heat of combat he could take time out to direct new methods to prevent trench feet, to see to it that dry socks went forward daily with the rations to troops on the line, to kneel in the mud administering morphine and caring for a wounded soldier until the ambulance came. What was coming now?

"Chaplain, how much praying is being done in the 3rd Army?" was his question. I parried, "Does the general mean by chaplains, or by the men?" "By everybody," he replied. To this I countered, "I am afraid to admit it, but I do not believe that much praying is going on. When there is fighting, everyone prays; but now with this constant rain—when things are dangerously quiet, men just sit and wait for things to happen. Prayer out here is difficult. Both chaplains and men are removed from a special building with a steeple. Prayer to most of the soldiers is a formal ritualized affair, involving special posture and a liturgical setting. I do not believe that much praying is being done."

The general left the window, and again seated himself at his desk. "Chaplain, I am a strong believer in prayer. There are three ways that men get what they want: by planning, by working, and by praying. Any great military operation takes careful plan-

ning, or thinking. Then you must have well-trained troops to carry it out. But between the plan and the operation there is always an unknown. That unknown spells success or failure. Some people call that getting the breaks; I call it God. God has His part, or margin in everything. That's where prayer comes in. Up to now, in the 3rd Army, God has been very good to us. We have never retreated; we have suffered no defeats, no famine, no epidemics. This is because a lot of people back home are praying for us. We were lucky in Africa, in Sicily, and in Italy, simply because people prayed. But we have to pray for ourselves, too. A good soldier is not merely a thinker and worker. A man has to have intake as well. I don't know what you call it, but I call it religion, prayer, or God."

He talked about Gideon, said that men should pray no matter where they were, in church or out of it; that if they did not pray, sooner or later they would "crack up." To this I commented that one of the major training objectives of my office was to help soldiers recover and make their lives effective in this third realm, prayer. It would do no harm to reimpress this training on chaplains. We had about 486 chaplains in the 3rd Army at that time, representing 32 denominations. Once the 3rd had become operational, my mode of contact with the chaplains had been chiefly through Training Letters issued from time to time. Each treated of a variety of subjects of corrective or training value to a chaplain working with troops in the field.

"I wish you would put out a Training Letter on this subject of prayer to all the chaplains. Write about nothing else, just the importance of prayer. Let me see it before you send it. We've got to get not only the chaplains but every man in the 3rd Army to pray."

With that the general arose from his chair, a sign that the interview was ended. I returned to my field desk, typed Training Letter No. 5, touching on the general's reverie on prayer, and after staff processing, presented it to Patton on the next day. He read it, and without change directed that it be circulated not alone to the 486 chaplains but to every organization commander down to and including the regimental level. Every unit in the 3rd Army received 3,200 copies. Because the order came directly from General Patton, distribution was completed on Dec. 11 and 12, in advance of its date line, Dec. 14, 1944. It read, "At this stage of the operations I would call upon the chaplains and the men of the 3rd U. S. Army to focus their attention on the importance of prayer."

"Our glorious march from the Normandy beach across France to where we stand, before and beyond the Siegfried line, with the wreckage of the German army behind us, should convince the most skeptical soldier that God has ridden with our banner. Pestilence and famine have not touched us. We have continued in unity of purpose. We have had no quitters, and our leadership has been masterful. The 3rd Army has no roster of retreats, none of defeats. We have no memory

of a lost battle to hand on to our children from this great campaign. But we are not stopping at the Siegfried line. Tough days may be ahead of us before we eat our rations in the Chancellory of the *Deutsches Reich*.

"As chaplains it is our business to pray. We preach its importance. We urge its practice. But now is the time to intensify our faith in prayer, not alone with ourselves, but with every believing man, Protestant or Catholic, Jew or Christian, in the ranks of the 3rd U. S. Army.

"Those who pray do more for the world than those who fight; and if the world goes from bad to worse, it is because there are more battles than prayers. 'Hands lifted up,' said Bossuet, 'smash more battalions than hands that strike.' Gideon of Bible fame was least in his father's house. He came from Israel's smallest tribe. But he was a mighty man of valor. His strength lay not in his military might, but in his recognition of God's proper claims upon his life. He reduced his army from 32,000 to 300 men lest the people of Israel would think that their valor had saved them. We have no intention to reduce our vast striking force. But we must urge, instruct, and indoctrinate every fighting man to pray as well as fight. In Gideon's day, and in our own, spiritually alert minorities carry the burdens and bring the victories.

"Urge all of your men to pray, not alone in church, but everywhere. Pray when driving. Pray when fighting. Pray alone. Pray with others. Pray by

night and pray by day. Pray for the cessation of immoderate rains, for good weather for battle. Pray for the defeat of our wicked enemy, whose banner is injustice and whose god is oppression. Pray for victory. Pray for our army, and pray for peace.

"We must march together, all out for God. The soldier who 'cracks up' does not need sympathy or comfort as much as he needs strength. We are not trying to make the best of these days. It is our job to make the most of them. Now is not the time to follow God from 'afar off.' This army needs the assurance and the faith that God is with us. With prayer, we cannot fail.

"Be assured that this message on prayer has the approval, the encouragement, and the enthusiastic support of the 3rd U. S. Army commander."

The timing of the prayer story is important. My "prayer conference" with General Patton was Dec. 8; the 664th Engineer Topographical company, at the order of Col. David H. Tulley, C. E., assistant to the 3rd Army engineer, working night and day, reproduced 250,000 copies of the prayer card; the adjutant general, Col. Robert S. Cummings, supervised the distribution of both the prayer cards and Training Letter No. 5 to reach the troops by Dec. 12-14; the breakthrough was on Dec. 16 in the 1st Army zone when the Germans crept out of the Schnee Eifel forest in the midst of heavy rains, thick fogs, and swirling ground mists that muffled sound, blotted out the sun, and reduced visibility to a few yards. The

few divisions on the Luxembourg frontier were surprised and brushed aside. They found it hard to fight an enemy they could neither see nor hear. For three days it looked to the jubilant nazis as though their desperate gamble would succeed. They had achieved complete surprise. Their 6th Panzer army, rejuvenated in secret after its debacle in France, seared through the Ardennes like a hot knife through butter.

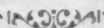
The 1st Army's VIII Corps was then holding this area with three infantry divisions (one of them new, and in the line only a few days) thinly disposed over an 88-mile front and with one armored division far to the rear, in reserve. The VIII Corps had been in the sector for months. It was considered a semirest area and outside of a little patrolling was wholly an inactive position.

When the blow struck, the VIII Corps fought with imperishable heroism. The Germans were slowed down but the corps was too shattered to stop them with its remnants. Meanwhile, to the north, the 5th Panzer army was slugging through another powerful prong along the vulnerable boundary between the VIII and VI Corps. Had the bad weather continued there is no telling how far the Germans might have advanced. Dec. 19, the 3rd Army turned from east to north to meet the attack. As Patton rushed his divisions north from the Saar valley to the relief of the beleaguered Bastogne, the prayer was answered. On Dec. 20—to the consternation of the Germans and the

delight of the American forecasters, who were equally surprised at the turnabout—the rain and fog ceased. Bright clear skies brought perfect flying weather. Our planes came over by tens, hundreds, and thousands. The 101st Airborne, with the 4th, 9th, and 10th Armored divisions, which saved Bastogne, and other divisions which assisted so valiantly in driving the Ger-

mans back, will testify to the great support rendered by our air forces. General Patton prayed for fair battle weather. He got it.

It was late in January of 1945 when I saw General Patton again. This was in the city of Luxembourg. He stood directly in front of me, smiled, "Well, padre, our prayers worked. I knew they would."



Postgraduate study in civil war

When the Communists Went to Spain

By BENJAMIN GITLOW

Condensed chapter of a book*

Benjamin Gitlow helped organize the American Communist party and was first to serve a jail sentence in the U. S. for advocating communism. In 1929 he became head of the American Communist party and was subsequently expelled from it for defiance of Stalin. During the years between, he had risen to the top ruling councils of the party, had been twice its candidate for the vice-presidency of the U. S. and had visited Moscow three times on official party business.

THE communists fought for big stakes in the Spanish Civil war. Stalin believed that the Spanish communists, who had always been an insignificant factor in Spanish political

life, might, with the aid of the Soviet government, gain control of the destinies of Loyalist Spain. If Franco had been defeated, a communist Spain would give the communist world superstructure a foothold in western Europe; access to the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, a gateway to Africa; and a frontier with France at a time when the French communists hoped the Popular Front government, in which they were participating, would succumb to communist domination; access to the rich mineral deposits of

*The Whole of Their Lives. 1948. Charles Scribner's Sons, 597-599 5th Ave., New York City.

Spain and influence with the Spanish-speaking countries of the Western hemisphere. Stalin thought that the gamble was worth while if the communists could get away with it without involving the world in war at a time when the Soviet Union was not prepared for it. The communists played two horses at the same time. They played the Spanish horse for what they could get out of it while they worked feverishly behind the scenes, mainly in Berlin, trying to fix up their fences with the nazis.

The Communist International acted speedily in the Spanish Civil war. Before many months had gone by, an International Brigade had been organized by the Comintern, with André Marty, the French communist, as its figurehead. Behind Marty, Russian political and military chiefs of the OGPU operated. Orders went out to communist parties all over the world to send party officials and capable party members to act as staff members, commissars and officers of the International Brigade. Additional orders went out that recruits be signed for active service with the International Brigade, among whom should be an appreciable number of reliable Communist-party members. The trek of communist agents to Loyalist Spain began.

Before the year was up, in the latter part of 1936, Robert Minor was on his way to Spain, presumably as the correspondent of the *Daily Worker*, but actually a representative of the Comintern to take care of American Communist-party affairs in Spain.

Committees of all sorts were immediately formed in the U. S., such as the joint North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy, and the Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, for the purpose of raising funds. By 1937, medical units started leaving the U. S. for Loyalist Spain. Special committees were formed to raise money for that purpose. One committee, the American Society for Technical Aid to Spanish Democracy, deserves special mention, for it was formed to facilitate OGPU operations in the U. S.

The first American recruits for Spain were gathered together secretly. They were immediately formed into military units, officered by Communist-party members, and trained in the art of warfare. In training soldiers for Spain, the Communist party of the U. S. trained and prepared itself for revolutionary civil war. The first public announcements that Americans were fighting in Spain appeared in May, 1937.

The first contingents of Americans to arrive in Spain were organized into the American battalion of the International Brigade, the nucleus around which the Abraham Lincoln Brigade was formed. The Washington Brigade was formed later and the two merged into the Washington-Lincoln Brigade.

American Communist-party officials in Spain acted as staff members, intelligence officers and political commissars. George Watts, a Communist-party organizer, as political commissar of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, ex-

erted tremendous power. John Gates, one of the top leaders of the Young Communist League of the U. S. and political commissar of the 15th Brigade, ruled it with an iron hand—arousing his ire meant flirting with death. Robert Minor, surrounded by a staff of American communist journalists, and communist aides and spies, received his orders from the higher command of the OGPU. In turn, he made sure that the orders were carried out by the Americans. No deviation from the Communist-party line and the line of the OGPU was tolerated. Communist spies mingled with the members of the American brigades and immediately reported to the political commissars or to Robert Minor any bit of conversation that seemed suspicious or any act which, in their opinion, violated the party line. Noncommunists, who did not fall in step with the communist position, soon found out, in OGPU prisons, and before firing squads, that it did not pay.

The most feared man among the Americans, and among Spaniards and others as well, turned out to be a man who reached Spain via the U.S., where he was active as a Comintern representative to the Italian section of the American movement. In Spain this communist adventurer had an opportunity to prove of what metal he was made. Sormenti [alias Carlos Contreras, Vittorio Vidale] on his arrival in Spain immediately became an important cog in the OGPU apparatus, being attached to the 5th Regiment, around which the communists built

the Spanish People's army. Before long the commissar of the 5th Regiment rose to the rank of major. Around him were gathered all the hard-boiled gunmen and cutthroats of the American communist party who were in Spain: the gunman George Mink, who was a pioneer Communist-party organizer on the water front, the South Slavic gunmen of the party from the Chicago district, selected Greek strong-arm men from New York, communist miners from the anthracite and Pittsburgh area, Bulgarians from Detroit, and Lithuanians from Chicago.

When orders came from the OGPU staff headquarters in Spain to liquidate the Trotskyites in the Loyalist cause, the group from America went to work with cold precision to carry out the orders. Sormenti, George Mink, and a gunman from Chicago outdid themselves. They shot and killed right and left. George Mink was responsible for the assassination of a Spanish anarchist philosopher who was greatly admired and loved by the anarchists throughout the world. The man happened to be a dear personal friend of Carlo Tresca, the Italian-American anarchist, who had been collaborating with the communists in Spain. When he was acquainted with the facts, a feud broke out between Tresca and Sormenti, which ended with the assassination of Tresca.

More than 25,000 communist officials, representing practically every communist party in the world, were moved into Spain. Headed by the OGPU, they constituted the commu-

nist backbone. The 25,000 communist agents are better agents today, because they have been trained under fire. They have learned how to translate theories and programs into action. They have learned first-hand how OGPU methods are concretely applied. They have learned the art of warfare and the essentials of military leadership. They maneuvered a government in which the communists were among the weakest elements to the point where the non-Spanish International communist aggregation in Spain became the real bosses of the Loyalist government. Had Russia been industrially and militarily strong enough to match its strength with the democratic capitalist West, the communists would then have struck for world mastery.

But, for the communist world superstructure, participation in the Civil war in Spain had advantages which the defeat of the Loyalist forces did not wipe out. What the communists

learned in Spain, they applied to their own countries. In the satellite countries which the communists now dominate, the communist rulers are men and women who had been trained in Spain. In the countries where a communist contest for power is imminent, communists with experience in the Spanish Civil war stand ready to give the signal to start civil war. In the Latin-American countries, where communist movements are making big strides, and where Sormenti (Major Carlos Contreras) is operating today, the skillful direction of the movement is in the hands of the communists who spent years directing civil war in Spain.

The communist army that trained in Spain is not disbanded. The communists have not been softened by respectability. All depends on what turn history takes. The communists are prepared to go into action on a grand scale, should that action coincide with the interests of the Soviet Union.

Soft Impeachment

SOME years ago, when I was with the St. Louis Municipal Opera Company, the weekly dress rehearsals took place Saturday nights, lasting until around sunrise. Most of the Catholics would rush from the dressing rooms to attend early Mass together, usually ignoring one of the other singers, a friend of mine.

Eventually, he told me he was a Catholic and asked me to go to church with him the next Saturday while he went to Confession. I agreed and after

we left church, he remarked, "What a glorious feeling confession is! In fact, the priest obviously knew how much better I felt after confession, for he suggested my trying it a little oftener." I told him I heard the same suggestion, for my last confession had been two months before.

"Is that right!" he ejaculated. Then, after a few minutes pause and looking inordinately happy, he continued, "This is the first time I've been in a confessional for 27 years!"

Helen Perkins

Dribble trouble

Basketball's Tall Question

By
ED FITZGERALD

Condensed from the
*American Legion Magazine**



IN RECENT years, various tall, skinny characters known as "goons" have run off with most of the publicity accorded individual basketball players in the public prints. *Goon* is a term used to define a basketball player of great height and little talent, a performer whose awesome altitude makes it child's play for him to throw the ball into the hoop even though he is as graceless as a Sherman tank.

Height is at a premium in basketball; even a clumsy, awkward, slow-moving fellow looks good to a coach if he stands over six feet. The human obelisk is generally stationed near the backboard. His teammates find it easier to hit him than the basket because he can see the ball coming and use his hands a little. He is expected to grasp the ball securely in his hands, turn slowly and deliberately, brush off the Lilliputians clutching at him feebly from below, and plunk the ball into the basket, a mere ten feet above floor level.

Thus the goon is, in effect, a funnel to the basket, and his team sacrifices the use of a fifth player to acquire that funnel. Whether or not such a sacrifice is worth while is a subject of much

heated debate in basketball circles.

That's what got me interested. To find out whether the alarmists who scream that the flesh-and-blood skyscrapers are ruining the game are correct, I looked up Ed Macauley, All-America center from St. Louis university. Ed, six feet, eight inches tall, and about as wide as a toothpick, habitually counts his points in double figures.

If you were rooting for his opposition, and big Ed Macauley got a dozen field goals and four or five foul shots, you might be tempted to classify Ed as a typical goon. But you would be dead wrong. Ed was rejected by the Army for being two inches over the height limit. But he isn't awkward and he isn't dumb, and he's got more basketball sense in his little finger than many players have in their whole bodies.

I saw him play against Long Island university in Madison Square Garden last winter, and I liked what I saw. True, he was the focal point of his team's attack, the guy they counted on to throw the ball through the hoop more often than anybody else, but he was also a lot of basketball player. He moved around with considerable agility, fed snappy passes to his teammates

with remarkable accuracy and wisdom, and didn't get in the way of anybody except the guys on the other team.

He scored 238 points in his freshman year at St. Louis, 395 as sophomore, and 368 as junior. This year he's a senior. Watch him. The boys who play with him call him Easy Ed, and they don't do that because he's anybody's clumsy ox. He's terrific in the keyhole (or pivot spot), as you'd expect a player his size to be, but in addition he has a looping left-hand shot he uses with uncanny skill on the dead run, a tiger-like ferocity in recovering rebounds, and a gift for play-making that stamps him as a one-in-a-million discovery.

He's also an extremely pleasant young man, scrupulously careful not to do or say anything that would make him look big-headed. He calls his coach "Mister Hickey," and all older people "sir."

When I visited him, he was just finishing up a summer-long stint as athletic director at a resort hotel in Fallsburg, N. Y. He looked as brown as a swimmer or a tennis player, both of which he was in his spare time. He was wearing a faded pair of khaki pants and a dilapidated T-shirt. He looked awful big.

We settled down on an overstuffed sofa and I threw in a leading question. "How long have you been playing basketball?"

He leaned back in a corner of the sofa, his long legs stretched out in front of him. A lady started to walk

across the center of the lobby and he sat up quickly and jerked his feet back. "Since I was a kid," he said, "I've always been crazy about the game. I didn't play much when I was in grade school but I started seriously in St. Louis University High school."

So there was one of the goon characteristics eliminated. The true goon is dragged into the game when he reaches physical maturity because the coach spots him walking around the school and latches on to him with a death grip. Nobody had to coax Macauley to play basketball.

"I always liked shooting baskets," he said. "Whenever I could get near a basket and a ball, I'd start in. It's a good thing, too, because I think shooting is the hardest thing to learn in basketball. I'd hate to guess how many times I've heaved a ball at a basket. When I was a freshman in high school, I had a late class, so I couldn't go out for the school team. But I'd beat it down to the gym every afternoon and stay there shootin' baskets until the janitor closed the place up and threw me out. The next year I was able to play on the team."

It was during his freshman year that Ed began to outstrip the other kids in height. "I was only 14 that year," he said, "and I got to be six-four."

"Did the other guys kid you about it?"

"They sure did. Boy, I heard all the standard gags a thousand times. You know, 'How's the air up there?'"

He not only got used to it, he did something about it. Making the most

of every inch, combining his inborn love and talent for the game with the advantage that went with his giraffe-like proportions, he studied, practiced, and struggled until he was the greatest player in collegiate basketball. "They don't kid me much about it any more," he said.

Individual basketball players are by no means as well known as, say, baseball players. But the game is gaining popularity faster than you can keep track of it these days; and wherever it's played, people know of Easy Ed Macauley. Wherever he plays, with his high-powered, fast-breaking Billikens, you have to get tickets early because it's a sellout.

Yet, if the men of little faith who wanted to bar the big boys from the game had had their way, Ed never would have had the chance to do the great things he has done. He would have been locked out of the gym because there were too many inches on his 185-pound frame.

Of course, a lot of the hullabaloo was raised during the war years, when the nondraftable skyscrapers popped up on courts all over the country. The alarmists forgot that the goons looked terrific only because all the good little men were off packing rifles.

Not all coaches have succumbed to the hysteria. Most of them, in fact, are content to expend their energies contriving new methods of combating the beanstalks within the framework of the present rules. And many, like John Bunn, who coached the great Hank Luisetti at Stanford and is now bas-

ketball coach at Springfield college, where the game is akin to a religion, view the excitement with tolerant eyes.

"In my opinion," says Mr. Bunn, "it is to the everlasting credit of basketball that the tall boy can find an outlet for his athletic ambitions. What other sport can do as much for the tall, skinny boy?"

To many observers, it would seem a pity if the legislators went too far in their efforts to place artificial restrictions on players of unusual height. When you start tampering with natural competition, you can never know where you're going to stop. The next move might be to bar all players able to make better than 50% of their shots.

For every goon, there's an Ed Macauley; intelligent, agile, gifted, playing the whole game and not just part of it, fitting smoothly into the machinery of the team instead of forcing the team to adapt itself painfully to him.

Nat Holman, the famous coach of City College of New York and Original Celtics' star, is a relentless advocate of the old-fashioned fake-and-dribble, give-and-go style of basketball, of an offense built around snappy passwork and clever maneuvering. He is no friend of the goon, wouldn't have one on his squad. Of the St. Louis stalwart, he says, "Macauley operates on a team basis. He's constantly on the lookout to assist his players whenever they cut through for their basket."

Nat knows what he's talking about when he calls Macauley a great team man. Even in his conversation, the

young giant hates to go on at length about himself. He'll steer the talk around to his teammates, to Marv Schatzman and Lou Lehman and Bob Schmidt and Joe Ossola. And when he plays the pivot during a game, he drives Coach Hickey wild by persistently throwing three passes for every shot he takes. He doesn't want the boys to think he's trying to hog the show.

Ed was 16 the year he graduated from high school, after helping his team win the consolation tournament at the state championships, and he thought the thing he wanted most in the world was to go to Notre Dame. The only boy in a family of three children, he was determined to get a college degree and equally determined to be a successful player. A Catholic, he figured the best way to combine his ambitions was to enroll in the famous South Bend institution.

"But one day I went down to St. Louis U. to talk to Dukes Duford, who was the athletic director then," says Ed. "He was the head football coach, too—and, boy, could he talk! He was really a wonderful guy. All I can say is that when I walked out of his office that day I was sold. I never even saw Notre Dame."

Ed has a scholarship from the university, but he makes it very clear that it covers only his tuition. "No new cars nor fancy apartments nor anything like that," he said, grinning. "Jesuit colleges don't go in for that sort of stuff."

I asked him whether he minded going to college so close to home or

thought he was missing something by not going away. "No," he shook his head. "You see, my father used to be a lawyer in St. Louis, but he was hurt about 10 years ago in an accident and he's been home in retirement ever since. I like to see him as much as I can, and I like St. Louis. The town, I mean, as well as the school. I've lived there all my life, and, well, it's home to me."

He belongs to a fraternity, Theta Kappa Phi, but it's not the kind of a fraternity you read about in the magazines or see in the movies. It's a national Catholic fraternity, and the boys don't have a frat house or any such gaudy trimmings.

Studying for a B.S. degree with a major in history, Ed takes his education seriously because his principal ambition is to become a coach. "And if you coach in a Missouri high school," he points out, "you have to teach, too. So I've got to stay on the ball and watch my marks."

"Do you expect to start coaching right after you graduate?"

"No," he said quickly. "I figure I'd be crazy not to play some pro ball first. Cash in on all this publicity. There's a lot of money in pro basketball right now, and if I can get some of it, I'll be able to put some away to get married. Besides, I'll learn a lot playing against those pros, and that'll make me a better coach."

Does that sound like a goon talking? This is a boy with his feet on the ground and his eyes straight ahead, with brains as well as inches to spare.

Before Macauley's sophomore year, St. Louis was anything but a national power in basketball. But that season, 1946-47, the Billikens won 11 games and lost only one in sweeping to their first Missouri Valley conference championship. They were coached by an insurance representative named John Flanigan, who had been prevailed upon to take the job on a part-time basis. The only game they lost in the conference was to Creighton, coached by Ed Hickey. The next year, Hickey was coaching at St. Louis. The insurance man, Flanigan, had decided to go back to his policies, riders, and claims.

Basketball was no longer a minor sport at the big university in the heart of St. Louis. It was hot stuff, and so was Easy Ed Macauley. The 15,000 students were definitely basketball-minded, yelling for their Billikens to grab another conference title and go places nationally as well.

A funny thing happened. With Macauley, then a junior, coming into his own as the country's most magnificent center, drawing rave notices wherever he played, St. Louis earned universal recognition as one of the top college teams in the land, cementing its claim by capturing the coveted National Invitation tournament title in Madison Square Garden at the close of the season. But the boys lost their Missouri Valley crown to Oklahoma A and M.

Still, they had arrived with a capital A. Ed grinned as he talked about the National Invitation. "To be perfectly frank with you," he said, "we went up to New York just hoping to maybe

take Bowling Green in the first round. We felt awful good about beating Bowling Green and Western Kentucky, too, but when we licked NYU in the final, I'm telling you, we were the most surprised people in the Garden."

In the final game two good giants met face to face. Adolph Schayes, of NYU, stands six-seven. New Yorkers knew Schayes, all-city center, was good as well as big, but they didn't know how good. Like Macauley, Schayes had been a team man all year, scoring mightily but passing, pivoting and taking the rebounds with grace, ease, skill and aggressiveness. Then, in the finals of the Invitation Tournament, he met Macauley. The difference between the two was the difference between the teams. Good player that Schayes was, Ed Macauley was better. Adolph was outfeinted, outpassed and outshot, and when the two went up for rebounds, Macauley came down with the ball oftener. This was no circus side show; the spectators knew they'd seen basketball, with two great players pitted against each other.

And then St. Louis university declined to enter the team in the Olympic tryouts. Studies came first, they said. So Easy Ed has no olive wreath today. He told me of the game in St. Louis in which the Billikens upset favored Holy Cross, NCAA champion. That tussle sent Ed up against George Kaf-tan, the spring-legged, catlike All-America center of the previous season. "I got about 10, I think," he said, when I asked him how he made out, "but

Kaftan had about 13. Boy, I was scared stiff all night."

He meant it, too. Yet, at the end of the season, Macauley had displaced Kaftan as All-America center on the ratings put out by the Helms Athletic foundation, the Bible of basketball. And in addition, he had won the Helms designation as Player of the Year, outpointing such titans as Ralph Beard and Alex Groza of Kentucky, Bob Cousy and Kaftan of Holy Cross, Arnie Ferrin of Utah, and Tony Lavelli of Yale.

Since he gave up sandlot baseball, basketball has been Ed's only real sports interest. "I've been fooling around with tennis," he said, shaking his head sadly. "But I've got a lot to learn. Some day I'm going to take up golf, when I can afford the lessons. That's a game I'd like to play."

When I saw him, Ed was excited about having been picked as a cover subject by *Sport Magazine*. "I was never on a magazine cover before," he said, boyishly. "*Life* took some pictures of me last year at school and they said I might make the cover if the pictures turned out and developments were favorable. I guess something wasn't favorable."

Macauley's pro ambitions aren't based entirely on a desire to sock away some money for wedded life. He'd like to help out his family, too. The Macauleys aren't rich. With his father laid up for so many years, the treasury isn't exactly weighted down with cash,

and up to now Ed hasn't worked except at occasional jobs in the summer. The family lives in the top floor of a two-family house, a rented apartment, half an hour's bus ride from the St. Louis campus. Some pro basketball money could go a long way toward making things easier for his folks.

Remember the night St. Louis licked Bowling Green in the first round of the National Invitation tournament last year? Macauley, the big guy, the high-scoring skyscraper, chalked up a mere four points while two opposition centers were alternating against him and accounting for 19 markers.

Did Macauley get yanked for poor play? He did not. Taking personal charge of the Billikens' fast-breaking attack, calmly directing its pace and tempo, flinging "thread-and-needle" passes to his teammates with a rhythmic skill that had the Ohio greyhounds dragging their tongues on the polished hardwood floor, and charging the backboards like a football tackle in a reckless insistence upon getting hold of the ball at all costs, he proved once and for all that he was anything but a gawky, graceless goon, that he was invaluable even when he didn't propel the ball into the hoop with his customary ease.

He caused Lou Effrat, basketball reporter of the conservative New York *Times*, to ignore his failure to score and to write ecstatically, "Macauley was superb. He gave another All-American performance."



The business of multiple living

BIG Family

By SARAH KROH

Condensed from the
Kansas City *Star**

THIS is the story of a family with 14 children. The father is a doctor. He keeps his large family going financially by his talent and extraordinary energy, supplementing his full-time medical practice with part-time work as an anesthetist. But even after financial obstacles have been overcome, the management of a large family involves many problems in purchasing, housekeeping, education, religious training. This article shows how the Burgers of Kansas City, Kan., have solved them.

IN THE Armourdale district of Kansas City, Kan., in a three-story yellow brick house with a basketball court in the back yard, Dr. and Mrs. Julius A. Burger are making enviable progress in the rearing of their 14 children. Five of the 14 are already grown; three are nuns, one a priest, and one a medical student at St. Louis university. The others are at home, nine lively youngsters forming stairsteps between the ages of six and 19.

With a milk and grocery bill of \$340 a month for Dr. Burger to meet, and 12 hearty appetites for Mrs. Burger to satisfy three times a day, the children keep the couple busy.

"But we're thankful for them all," said the mother. "They're our joy in life."

After 26 years of managing a house full of children, Mrs. Burger now realizes with regret that next fall her youngest child, six-year-old Francis, will start to school. When that happens, no children will be at home through the day.

"It will seem so quiet around here," she said, "when the children are all gone."

Dr. and Mrs. Burger have prepared themselves well for bringing up their 14. In the 12-room house at 820 Shawnee Ave. are two bathtubs, kept perpetually in use around bedtime; two electric refrigerators; a six-burner gas range equipped with two ovens; and an electric drinking-water cooler, business-office style.

"I have to go by a schedule," said Mrs. Burger, "to get all the work done."

By this schedule, she arises at five o'clock. Before time to begin breakfast, she turns out a daily washing in her conventional type washer, without automatic features, and hangs the clothes on the back-yard lines.

The children get up about six, and those who care to, go to 6:30 Mass at St. Thomas church, three blocks away. The habit of daily Mass was started in the Burger family not by preachments but by the example of the eldest daughter, while she was still in grade school. And the mother gives the daughter credit for the family's daily-Communion habit, too, remarking,

"Our oldest girl got us into this habit while she was still in the grades." Certainly, "A little child shall lead them."

The churchgoers back, mother has breakfast ready: fruit, cereal, toast and milk (bacon and eggs on Sunday). After breakfast, the boys make the beds, and if they don't do them right, hospital style, they do them over. The girls wash the dishes, and then it's a whoop and a rush to get to school.

Mrs. Burger, left alone with her youngest, Francis, then starts on the house. She has the assistance of a cleaning woman two days a week and an ironing woman three days a week. She sees to it that one floor of the big house is cleaned thoroughly each day, returning to each floor every three days. The rest of the home is "smoothed over" daily.

By 11:30 in the morning she starts luncheon, frequently cocoa and sandwiches, sometimes eggs, and usually fruit. The children troop in from school, her husband comes home for luncheon, and soon they are saying grace. Luncheon over, the children and Dr. Burger leave in a hurry, for school and the office.

When school is out, the children and their playmates hurry home to raid the iceboxes. To an outsider this raid is horrifying, but the mother is lenient with high-priced groceries. The children make themselves sandwiches of ham and cheese, jelly and peanut butter. Apples and oranges are available, too. There's one strict rule insisted on: whoever gets the food out, puts it away. If the kitchen is left in a mess,

the children can return from play and put it in order.

In preparing dinners, Mrs. Burger has some good assistance from her 16-year-old daughter, Joan. Another helper with cooking talent is Charles, 15. Sometimes Charles whips up an entire meal, and though he is known as "the clown of the family," his brothers and sisters admit his cooking is not bad. Dinner is substantial, steaks and roasts, at least two vegetables, salad, and usually cake or pie, for which Mrs. Burger is famous among her children.

Evening is the time for fun. A basketball game is resumed in the back yard; girls go back to the chalk-marked squares on the cement driveway and play hopscotch.

After dark, indoors, the children make their own fun. Four are taking lessons on the piano, and one on the saxophone. There's often a big monopoly game. A ping-pong table is busy. A favorite card game among the boys is "knuckle poker," in which the winner is privileged to hit the knuckles of the loser, as hard as he can, with the edge of a deck of cards. The children go to movies at least once a week, but usually not on week nights, and they make the utmost of the well-known ability of a big family to find their own fun at home, among themselves.

Bedtime comes early for the younger ones, and by 9:30 Mrs. Berger herself has retired. With her day beginning at five, and no chance for a nap, she is glad to be in bed early.

Many afternoons she spends at her sewing, and prides herself on getting

to the bottom of the basket of socks every day. She provides her children with new clothing most of the time, but does resort to hand-me-downs.

"I'm always taking something in or letting something out," she said with a smile.

In keeping clothes sorted, she marks handkerchiefs with an individual French knot. She has made the rule that children will not wear Sunday clothes during the week.

On shopping tours, Mrs. Burger takes one or two (not more) children with her at a time. Shoes generally head the list. She doesn't try to keep account of the number of shoes purchased every year or compute the cost: it would be too discouraging, she feels.

Thursday is her favorite day for shopping. Charles frequently gets the dinner ready for the family that night. It's easier to find clothes for the children than for herself, Mrs. Burger says, since she wears only a size 10 dress.

The nurse's training which she received before her marriage has come in handy many times, both in connection with her own children and her husband's medical practice. She answers the telephone as the doctor's patients call during the day, and sometimes is asked for emergency advice.

On many occasions, she has converted an upstairs bedroom into an "isolation ward." She has seen her family through all the usual epidemics of influenza and measles, plus two appendectomies, two cases of pneumonia, two of scarlet fever, three of whooping

cough, and one of diphtheria. Most of the children have had their tonsils removed.

"We used to take them one at a time to have their tonsils out," said Dr. Burger, "but later we found it was simpler to take them in batches."

Mrs. Burger has had as many as three postoperative tonsil patients in the house at once. She believes that in consideration of its size, the family has been fortunate in having so few severe illnesses, and no deaths.

"The Lord has been good to us."

A genial man, Dr. Burger long ago learned to laugh at the kidding which inevitably resulted from the size of his family. One of his biggest laughs was provided recently by a hotel room clerk. Dr. Burger loaded his wife and 11 of the children into two cars, and drove to Wichita to visit one of his daughters. Checking in at the Allis hotel, the doctor asked for rooms and beds necessary to accommodate the family.

"Say," asked the surprised clerk, "what have you got here, a baseball team?"

The doctor, of German descent, from a family that had lived in America several generations, took his medical degree at St. Louis university and his internship at City hospital in St. Louis. He met a student nurse there, Miss Mary Haines, who later was to become his wife.

In answer to a request by Father J. P. McKenna, then pastor of St. Thomas church, who wanted a Catholic physician in the parish, the young

doctor went to look over the prospect of starting a practice in Armourdale. He decided to stay. Returning to St. Louis, he married the 21-year-old nurse, and took her back to Kansas City, Kan. They have lived in Armourdale ever since.

During the war and since, Dr. Burger's medical practice has become an all-day and part-of-the-night job. Usually he leaves for St. Margaret's hospital in Kansas City, Kan., at 7:30 in the morning and serves as an anesthetist until noon. Then he goes home for luncheon, and after the meal, gets into his 1942 Buick to make house calls on his patients.

By approximately two o'clock he is at his office, which is in his home. He sees patients until it is time to have dinner with his family. After dinner he likes to play with his children and help them with their lessons.

From seven to eight in the evening

he keeps office hours for a clientele which consists principally of the families of packinghouse and railroad employees. More house calls follow. When he finally gets home and to bed, he is still uncertain of his rest, because of the likelihood of a summons by telephone to anything from an emergency appendectomy to the arrival of a baby.

Dr. Burger's chief satisfaction in his big family is in "seeing the children develop and turn out to be good Americans."

The 23-year-old son, Paul, is now following in his father's footsteps at St. Louis university, and will obtain his M.D. degree in two years. The oldest son, Robert, was ordained a priest April 3 at St. Thomas church. At his first Mass, Father Burger pinned on his mother's coat a gold medal from Pope Pius XII. The medal was inscribed, "To One Who is Well Deserving."

PICTURE STORY

Gene Autry Rides at Maryknoll

THE famous Gene Autry, king of horsemen, came to the Maryknoll seminary, Maryknoll, N. Y., to give a lesson on proper procedure with horses; a lesson of tricks and qualifications that every Maryknoller would need when riding in faraway missions. A crowd of seminarians quickly gathered around Gene and his horse. They waited until Bishop Raymond A. Lane, the superior general of Maryknoll seminary, put in his appearance. The horse made a gracious bow before the bishop.



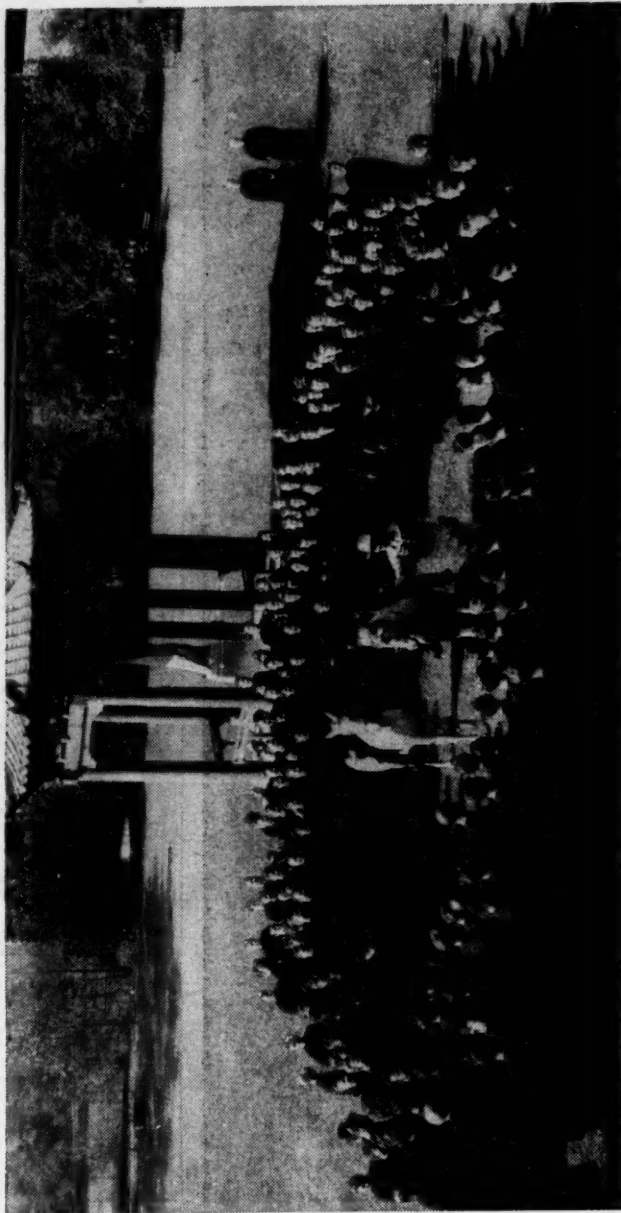




Before the lesson started, the Maryknollers, led by the pipe-smoking Bishop Lane, demanded that Gepe do a couple of the songs that the great cowboy had made famous over his national radio program. "I'm back in the saddle again," sang Gene, and the attentive group applauded loudly. One good turn deserved another, so the students obliged by rendering *Maryknoll*, *My Maryknoll*, followed by three welcome cheers.



When two students rode up on their horses, Autry smiled and said, "I guess this is my cue to start our lesson." Gene learned to judge the quality of horses during his boyhood; his father was a Texas horse and cattle dealer. Raised in the stirrups, he can ride, rope and wrangle with the best, and give the theory behind each maneuver. The guitar strumming and the vocal exercises "came natural," says Gene.



His friendly advice on riding is valuable because he is an authority. Gene tells his students that knowing how to prepare a horse for a trip is as important as knowing how to ride. Maryknollers will be traveling over rough terrain, they might be in the saddle for hours at a time, their very lives may depend upon knowledge of the mount they will use. One missionary was disabled for life because of a riding accident.



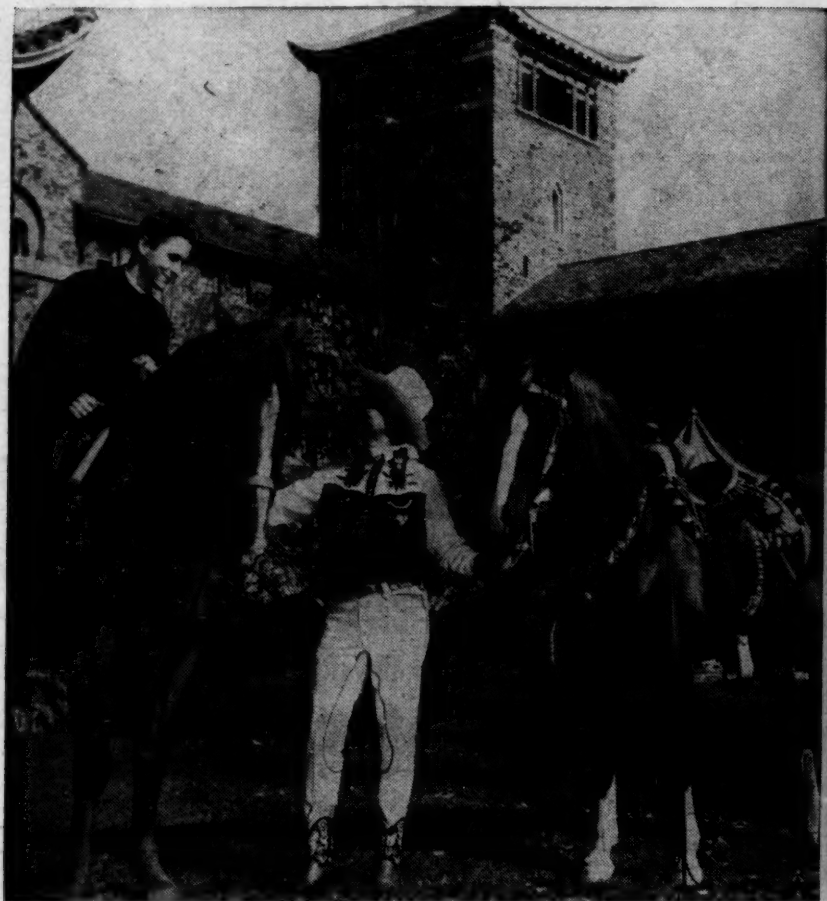
All eyes were on Gene as he explained the proper method of cinching a horse. There were things to know about mounting, about posture, about the different gaits of the horse. "Be certain that buckles are firm but not too tight." "Don't ride with a loose saddle or you may end up under the horse." It is necessary that the rider keep perfect control of the horse and maintain riding comfort and style. Distribution of weight and proper straddle are fine points to remember.



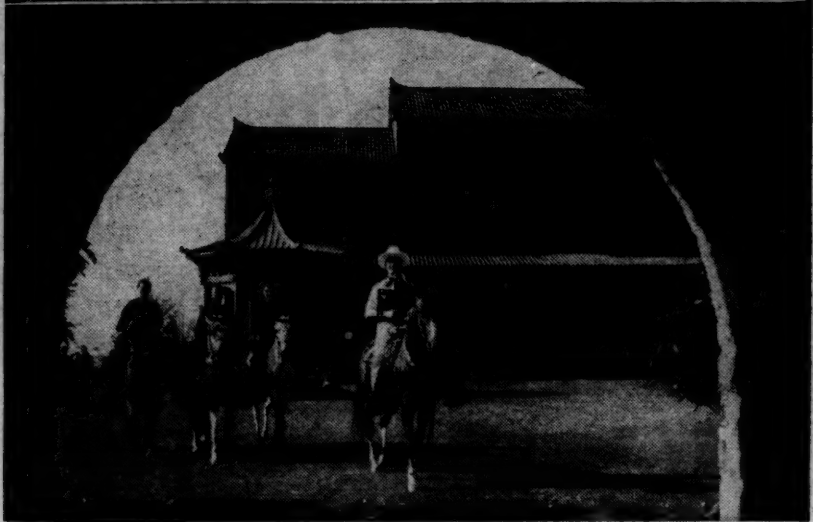
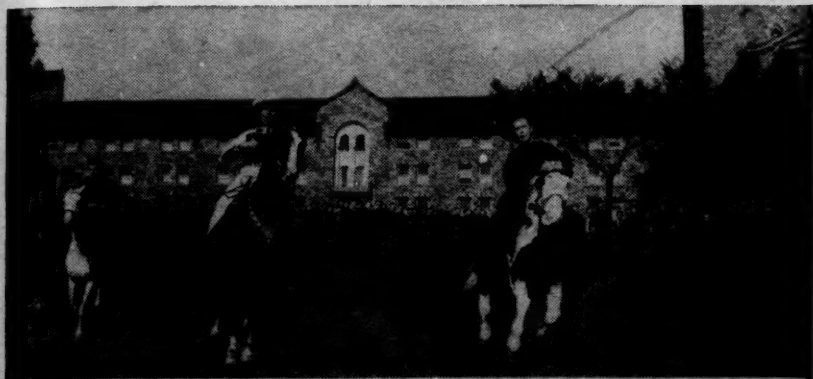
Snugness of the bridle he wears is also important, and care must be taken that the horse feels comfortable in it. The horse must be able to respond quickly to the feel of the bit. Maryknoll priests are sometimes known as jungle padres, and their journeys take them over hill country, swampland, brush forests and deserts. The dangers from great reptiles and wild animals are real. The humble donkey is the usual means of transportation, but the horse, when available, is certainly preferred.



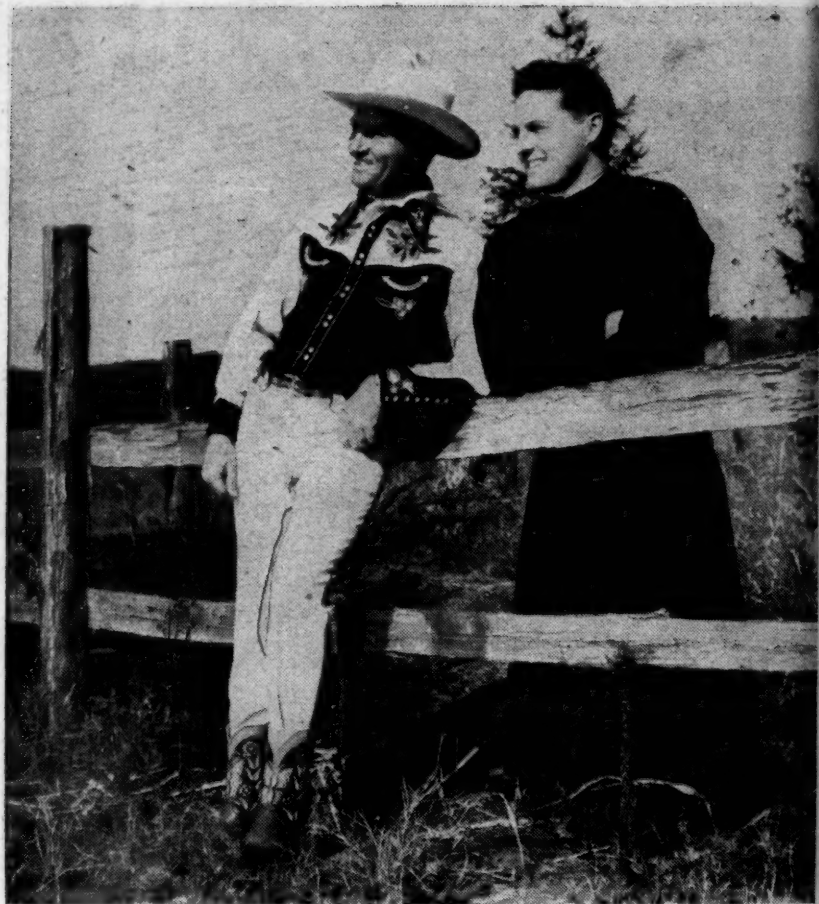
Champion is the name of Gene's \$100,000 horse. It wouldn't be difficult to cross the Yeung Kong river on him. Champion did a few tricks in the quadrangle of Maryknoll seminary, with the Chinese-pagoda tower dominating the background. This type of architecture has its home in the Far East, the field of the first Maryknoll missions. Most missionaries serve in the Orient, although Maryknoll has extended its field to South America. Horses help the priests over the hilly, South American back country.



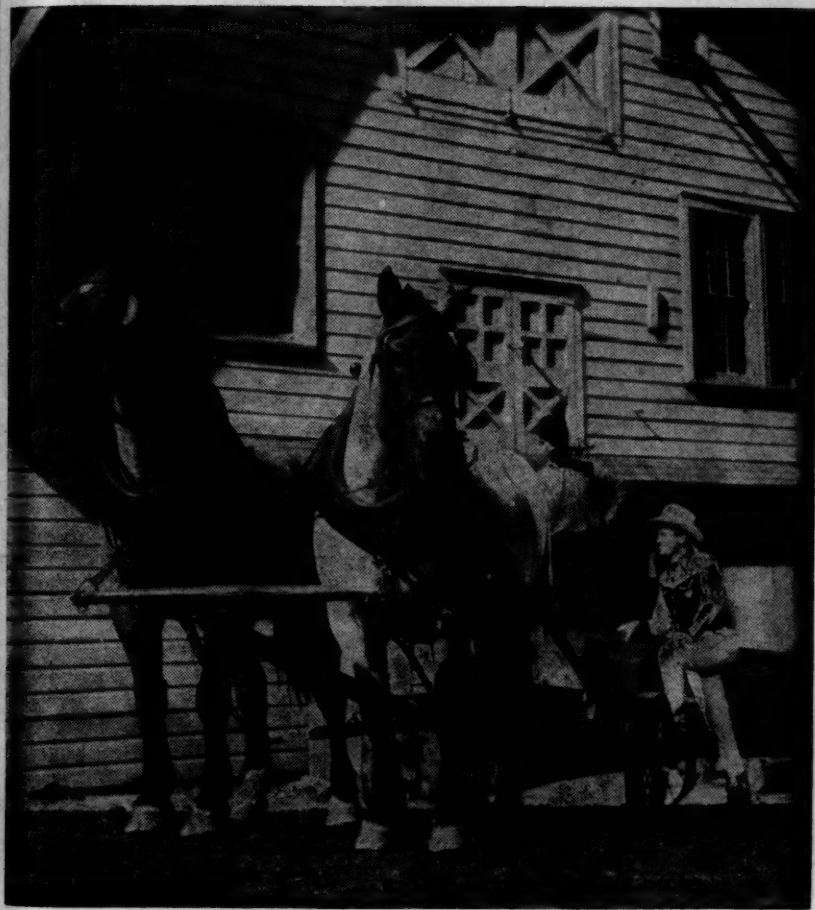
Gene put a few Maryknollers through some paces to check on their riding ability. Some of the students were able to ride before coming to the seminary, among them Quinn Weitzel of Chicago. Gene approved of Quinn's natural knack of handling his horse. All riders, they agree, must be alert and at ease. There must be a straight line from elbow to horse's mouth, hands light but firm, fingers relaxed. Legs must be close, without pressure, heels pointed down.



Away with a gallop and through one of the arches in the lower cloister, Gene's student horsemen exhibited some of the results of the coaching. It was a lesson to remember, but Maryknollers have many lessons to remember, lessons taught them by their predecessors who were heroes during the last war; men who stayed with their soldiers in Bataan foxholes, outsmarted bandits in China, braved death in Manchukuo, converted hostile natives in South America.



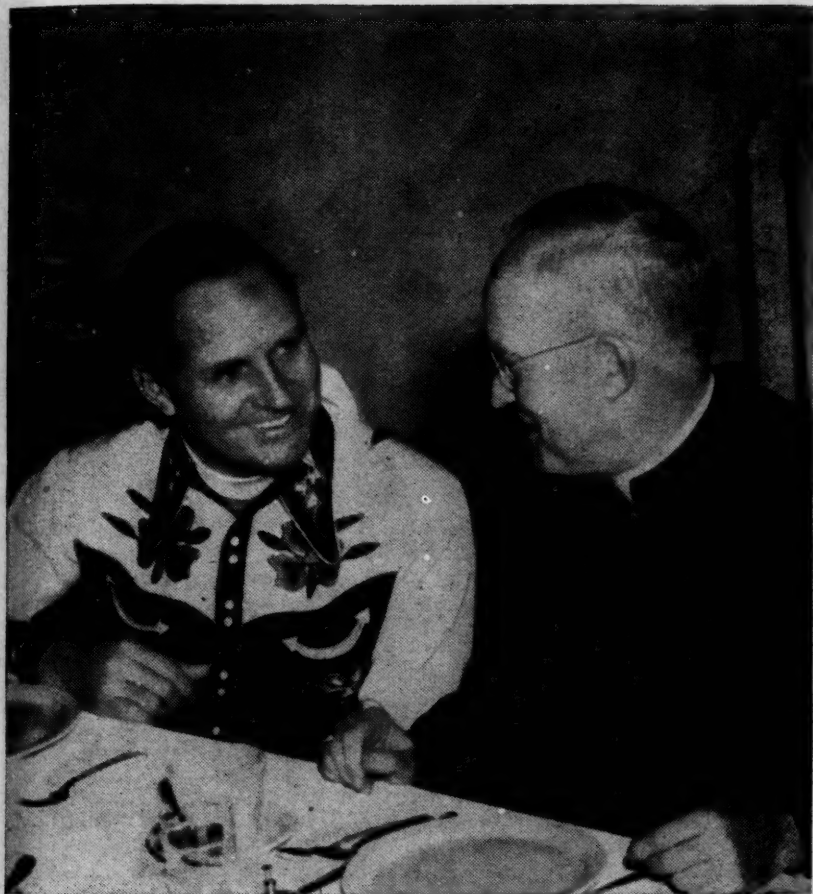
The time came to take the horses to the corral and put on the feed bags. While the tenderfoot students took care of those duties, Gene and William Marley, of Malden, Mass., relaxed on the corral fence. Gene expressed interest in the seminary, and student Marley suggested that they take a tour of the grounds so that Autry might acquaint himself with the life of the future missionaries. Gene was glad to go, and was promised a look at more horses. Their footsteps soon led them to the seminary farm.



Brother Kevin Grimley is in charge of the seminary farm. When he showed Gene the amount of work that the Brothers do each day, Gene was amazed. "I don't see how you men can accomplish so much and still put in hours of praying and worshipping. You certainly are willing workers for God." Brother Kevin is as proud of his big working horses as Gene is of Champion. "These horses can work all day without tiring." "Seems like you Maryknollers can, too," said Gene.



One of the stops on their tour of the buildings was the kitchen. Gene Autry met Sister Mary Agnita, who supervises the kitchen. Maryknoll nuns have gained as much fame as Maryknoll priests in foreign missionary fields. Their services are also world-wide, and many natives in foreign countries owe their natural and spiritual lives to the good works of the Sisters. The culinary art is only one of their accomplishments. Their community headquarters is also at Maryknoll, N. Y.



At supper, Gene sat next to Bishop Lane and their conversation was about missionary priests and horses. Bishop Lane explained to his guest that the Maryknoll missions have more than 2,000 priests, nuns, Brothers and seminarian students; more than 700 in active mission fields. Maryknoll Brothers are men who wish to live the Religious life without entering the priesthood. "It is our desire to give spiritual and material help wherever we can," the bishop explained.



All good things must end. Gene and Champion hated to leave the seminary and the young students who were so thrilled at the lesson. Before parting, though, they posed for a picture by the huge bell that hangs on the seminary grounds. The bell, once the property of a Japanese temple, now rings solemnly once a year, on Departure Day, when ordained Maryknollers depart for foreign mission fields. That is the day the seminarians look forward to, and Gene helped them work toward it with even more than their usual confidence.

Paul Samson Bunyan



Canadian Strong Man

By RAY GRIBBIN

Condensed from the *Witness**

You wouldn't pick out Victor Delamarre as a strong man, unless you happened to spot him on the street casually lifting an automobile while the driver was changing tires. His five-foot-six and 150 pounds are unimpressive. Only the steel gray which is filtering like sawdust through his black hair hints at how rugged this 55 year-old Canadian really is.

Even at this age Delamarre can lift 300 pounds over his shoulder with either hand. He can break a horseshoe barehanded and move rocks which would all but stymie a bulldozer. All that he does off stage. On exhibition, Delamarre carries a full-grown horse up a half-dozen steps, or throws a chain around the fore end of an automobile and hauls that up with the horse. With one hand he can lift, and launch, the heaviest standard canoe built, which is quite a stunt, as you can prove to yourself at the lake next summer.

It was no mere stunt, though, which brought Victor Delamarre fame. He first came into the public eye more than a quarter of a century ago, in a small, forest-walled grotto on the shore of Lac Bouchette. There a Capuchin

friar, who still lives to relate the story, faced a serious difficulty. The friars had constructed a replica of the Lourdes shrine to our Lady. Now, however, they had no way of lifting the large statue into the high niche. Of course, they could have built a ramp, or thrown up a block and tackle, but neither was convenient. Instead, Father Pascal pondered the situation, then summoned his brother.

Leaving his home in the village of Lac Bouchette, two miles away, the young Victor came to the grotto. With small effort he seized the heavy, clumsy statue, climbed to the niche, and placed it there. His reputation was made that afternoon.

Today, Delamarre is a professional wrestler. Traveling in a white van with "Victor Delamarre" splashed in scarlet across the side, he tours Quebec province. Occasionally he may leave the province, but seldom now does he come to the States. Since he speaks only French, he does not feel at home here; nor has he been as well received here as he has always been in Quebec.

Delamarre might have been wealthy, but he has never been as shrewd as he is strong. In the ring he is unbeatable

until he loses his head, which is likely to happen whenever his opponent dishes out more foul play than is called for. Then Delamarre gets furious and fights wildly. He wastes the strength that can hoist any wrestler out of the ring. Often his ring ferocity scares off better-known opponents, and bigger money.

Still, Delamarre has managed to support his wife and several children comfortably. And to two of the children, a son and a daughter, he seems to have given his great gift of strength. The daughter, a young woman now, can spin a 100-pound sack of flour over her head as easily as most girls handle a rolling pin. And her brother has al-

ready demonstrated a handshake with close to a 100% fracture efficiency.

How long it will be before Delamarre's own strength begins to fade no one knows. But even now he is a legend. By crackling fires, on almost any cool evening, the woodsmen and farmers spin Delamarre yarns. They tell of his pulling out a spike, six inches of which had been driven into a railroad-tie, with his teeth. With glowing eyes and excited gestures they weave ever new details into the narrative of the bear which Delamarre crushed to death in his arms. They smoke, and talk, and build a character as lasting as Paul Bunyan around the frame of a fighting Canadian wonder man.



Alma Mater

SINCE UCLA was near by, I decided I would enroll there. Football, of course, was the major college sport. I loved to play it, and was considered a good college prospect. One incident revealed to me the almost absurd emphasis on the game. When it became known that I was going to do my college work at UCLA, a devoted Stanford alumnus came to me and offered to finance my way through any school in the East that was not on Stanford's football schedule. He didn't want me to play against his Stanford teams!

From My Own Story by Jackie Robinson (N.Y. Greenberg: Publisher).



Doesn't Matter

THE football game between Notre Dame and Southern Methodist had hardly gotten under way when Notre Dame scored a touchdown. A spectator cheered wildly, threw his hat in the air, and pounded his neighbor on the back. A few minutes later when Southern Methodist tallied, he was equally jubilant. This aroused the curiosity of his neighbor, who asked, "Which team are you rooting for, my friend?"

"I don't care who wins," was the reply, "I just came to enjoy the game."
"Oh," the questioner sneered, turning his back, "an atheist!"

Ralph E. Ogden.

St. Louis

By
ROBERT GORDON
ANDERSON



the King

Condensed chapter
of a book*

THE YEARS of his formal education had passed and Louis IX became king in 1229. More time passed and he who had been the thin lath of a lad, with the serious face and the lovely manners to all of high or low degree, grew up into the gentlest, most forceful, and greatest king in the world.

Most of the first families of the court could scarcely realize this. His eccentric way of administering justice, the old hats he wore, his odd, kindly ways blinded them to what he really was. But Blanche, his mother, at every step of the long course of her regency, had known that this would come. She had prayed for and expected his goodness and his fame. On the very morning of the day before he was to leave on his first Crusade she did not think it at all strange that so many of the great, counts and dukes from her side of the channel, envoys and princes from beyond it, were coming to Paris to taste, and test, that wisdom and justice for which he already was renowned.

On the morning of his farewell, in 1248, Louis was 34, Blanche 60. Few

would have thought that, so young she seemed, as she sat in a window of her apartment of the palace on the Island of Paris and watched the renowned visitors come through the arch and into a very queer place for a court, the palace garden. Sometimes he chose the great hall which he had newly redecorated with lilies, gold stars and pillars, and crimson and blue paint; again an oak in the park near his castle at Vincennes just east of the city, and quite often this palace garden where he dispensed justice *al fresco*, among the legumes, flowers, beehives and blossoming fruit trees.

Knots of people, turning their horses over to servitors, were entering under that heavy Gothic arch; others in embroidered surcoats or in rough peasant wool (with King Louis it made no difference) stood conversing and gesticulating. Fragments of their talk of assaults on shepherds and on castles, of the disputed boundaries of tiny little farms and mighty kingdoms, of withheld pasturage fees and abbey accounts that would not balance, and of king's ransoms came up to Blanche. Now if

*The City and the Cathedral. 1948. Longmans, Green & Co., 55 5th Ave., New York City, 3.
337 pp. \$3.50.

she was no longer Louis' teacher she was his counselor and ally. Though she sat in the window above the hum of the court, she was no mere spectator. Some of these matters he had talked over with her in advance, others he would explore with her later. Often now he would glance up at her from his seat for approval or in comradeship; and sometimes it seemed as if there were actual thought transference between this saint-like and most extraordinary and capable mother and her great and famous son, later to be canonized.

Except for an occasional obeisance, a stranger might not have guessed that Louis was the king. His brown taffeta tunic, the dark blue coarse silk mantle over it, appeared poor beside the brilliant dress of his court. And though when ceremony demanded it he could be stately enough, he had that incorrigible liking for old hats. The whole cast of his countenance was gentle with reassuringly strong planes. The mouth showed shrewdness and twitched, though almost imperceptibly, with humor as he warned a debtor haled before him, "Never borrow, for repayment appears so very, very disagreeable to all human beings," and then rallied the grand constable on his new vermilion-lined mantle with voluminous gold markings, saying the chanticleer of France would soon be lost in the coxcomb.

His location too was scarcely royal. He sat, not on a throne, but under an espaliered pear tree which dropped white petals on his mediocre costume,

and on a figured carpet whose manufacture he was then encouraging in France. A strange throne, this carpet among the onions, leeks, and lilies. But this Louis IX in whom only his mother, the bishop, and the poor saw the coming saint, was no ordinary king. Though the very first man in Europe, no country priest could have been simpler or more natural. He said that in the open air, with the birds and cherries and little springing beans so dear to his countrymen, all the stuffy lawsuits of the nobles would get a good airing. And since so many of his subjects worked in the soil, a seat on the good earth was the proper place from which to hear their pleas. Indeed, the Bishop of Paris observed that innocence and justice seemed once again to have come to earth to reign in a garden like that of our common forefather before the fall.

The return of this first estate was symbolized by a clear fountain in that garden. It gushed inexhaustibly in the soul of the king himself, expressing itself in little jets of humor, sparkling *bon mots* that cleared up in a twinkling knotty judicial points, and in refreshing, gracious courtesies for all. If ever there was on earth a man of good will to whom the Bethlehem angels addressed themselves, it was this Louis.

Even when he was seated on the figured carpet the strangers from overseas could see that he was tall. When he rose, he loomed half a head over the famous Crusaders and the princes from the North who prided themselves

on their stature. He came of a tall race. Grandfather Philippe Auguste, who had beaten English and Germans and rebel nobles alike, and some of his grandsons would be men of impressive height. Though spare of frame, he was not weak. There was not an extra ounce on him, no superfluity of flesh about his midriff. Like Grandfather Philippe Auguste, though just a trifle thinner, he was slender, fit, and powerful. Courtiers who had seen him laying on helm with his sword or driving it into a solid-oak block knew this! A very important thing about that wise judge, stout warrior, patron of the poor, builder of churches, abbeys, hospitals, and colleges, was that with great arms and shoulders he had the great heart to back his ideals. And he had a tremendous indefatigability on which he could call nine-tenths of the time. Like many great men, however, he was susceptible to strange fevers, unaccountable indispositions which worried his mother and his councilors. But from these, even when appearing at the very verge of death, he would suddenly rise to strike out on some undertaking that would require the maximum of his strength.

His eyes, so gentle and seeming to bestow a blessing on all, could blaze with lightnings. The stranger-princes saw this when the king swung on a choleric Crusader because of an oath. "I tell you," he said, "I will have no foul mouths in my kingdom!" St. Louis was surely the forerunner of the Society of the Holy Name. Never had anyone heard him, even in the most

trying of ordeals, use a stronger expletive than "Truly!"

Reverence toward God and with it purity of speech had become such an obsession with him that he went sometimes to extraordinary lengths. Later in the Holy Land, hearing a man-at-arms uttering a stream of ribald blasphemies at high heaven, Louis had him put in the stocks on the beach. Then he had him smothered up to his mouth in pig guts.

But harsh as he was with the foul of mouth he was far from being cruel. He didn't even punish *lèse majesté* against himself—only that against the King of kings. Right by the staircase of his own palace one morning, an old woman, a town character named Saur-ette, screamed at him, "You are not fit to be a king! We had better get us another. For you are king only with the permission of friars, priests, and frocked clerks. Men in petticoats! It is a pity and a wonder that the people of Paris have not driven you out of the kingdom!"

The sergeant of the guard had made a motion with his weapon, but the king waved him aside. "You speak the truth, Saurette," he said. "I am far from being worthy to be king. If only it had pleased God to have given you another ruler who would have understood how to govern France better, I would have been very happy." And he crowned this graciousness to the dissolute old woman by giving her a gold coin.

Now, in the garden, noting on the faces of the stranger-princes a look of

incredulity, almost of scorn, that he had been so severe with what they took for mere ways of speech (the English themselves being known to the medieval French invariably as the "God-dams"), he said to his councilors in a sad sort of wrath, "They don't understand. I do not hate these I punish. I would willingly be pierced through my own tongue, could I by so doing stop all the foul words and particularly the cursing in my kingdom." And he meant it.

But the fine little lines at the corner of his eyes crinkled with humor and delight when a bishop from the Loire brought word to him of the result of some highly original advice he had given to two abbots quarreling about a meadow. The two abbeys had splendid choirs and, according to the royal suggestion, the matter was left to be solved by song. In the meadow of their dispute, the two robed choirs had met, singing first against, then with, each other. In song, in the sun, their wrath soon melted and the meadow was peaceably halved.

"It is always easy, once you get people together," said Louis, overjoyed with this practical proof of what he himself preached and practiced. "It is as easy to cooperate as to contend with a neighbor." Then he added to his council and court, "You remember those other two abbeys down in Poitou? They had chosen two champions to settle their quarrel by ordeal of battle. They met in a neutral ground, the parish church of the village near by, for the vigil the night before the duel.

But when they were both on their knees, so near each other, it seemed very foolish to fight in a quarrel with whose issue they had no concern. Instead, they embraced in the church; at the inn broke bread and drank wine together in the dawn. True brotherhood is not so hard to achieve as some people think."

Those vernal court sittings of Louis IX, long remembered in history, were called "the Pleadings at the Palace" or "the Gate." There was the justice of *Parlement* and that of the provost of Paris, who handled many crimes, but petitioners with long-drawn-out suits and victims of tyranny preferred to come into this garden for "the justice of the king."

Particularly did Louis welcome into this spot between the grim walls, so lovely it seemed indeed a sanctuary, the lowly and poor. With him they came first. The visiting princes now had to wait on a crook-backed, bow-legged tiller of the soil with deep gashes showing through the rags, as he crawled on the carpet where he would have kissed the king's foot had not Louis raised him up. The foreigners, however, were glad enough to attend. Would not he, the simplest and greatest man in the world, render them the most unbiased justice? Were not the very terms of the treaty which they had come to discuss, and to which he had already agreed, astonishingly generous?

So, coldly studying him nonetheless, they watched Louis as with trembling mouth he looked down on the serf

whom he called "my poor child." Then those gentle, vision-seeing eyes blazed, now at the landowner who had wielded the lash and whom the sergeants of the guard brought in. The justice dealt out to this cruel offender was not light, that to the poor serf a healing balm. Louis was continually freeing thousands of them in his domains.

The English princes, though they expected to fare so well, still did not understand him. They were baffled by, and a little suspicious of, him. At Taillebourg and Saintes, in two fierce battles two days running, in which the battle-ax swinging down from his great height had told mightily, he had trounced the English and the rebel nobles. Then came a most extraordinary thing. In the hour of victory he had turned back to the English some of the spoils he had won, together with land around Perigord and Limousin (which was to add a word to our modern vocabulary) which his own grandfather had wrested from them. Angrily his council and generals had protested.

"We marvel, sire, that you should thus generously give to the English so great a slice of your realm and acres which your ancestors fought for and won. If this is logical and right should you not go the whole way and return to them every region of France which they have ever invaded?"

"Milords," Louis had replied, then as almost always keeping his patience, "it is not that the English have legal claim to these acres. I hand them over not for any claim binding on me, but to breed love between my own chil-

dren and those of the King of England, all being, as you know, blood cousins."

He tried to reduce the feudal practice of settling disputes by bloody duels, since he could not quite stamp it out. He established the king's truce, and a 40 days' cooling-off period, seven centuries before modern parliaments would try that method in labor disputes. A fight, he said, did not necessarily or invariably determine justice. Unhappily, the Davids did not always win against the corrupt Goliaths. He tried to extend to the royal throne the same high morality that he imposed upon the baronies and duchies. The reforms he was establishing among the little land units he endeavored to establish among the great kingdoms too. He was the first of all kings really to want to buttress kingly rule with moral power. Alfred the Great had tried it in a smaller way; others like Albert the Good of Belgium would follow his example. Few have been very energetic and consistent about it. But there is no doubt that he established the prestige of the kings of France so that the glamour of the throne shone out in distant generations even when the incumbent was not a monarch after Louis' own heart. And there is little more doubt that in showing the world what the ideal king might be he made later generations remain satisfied with kingship, expecting all the time that another St. Louis might come to reign in their lands.

Knowledge of his spirit and aims warmed Blanche's heart as she looked down on the foreigners advancing

with their heralds toward him. In this son, then the greatest man in the world, her lessons, prayers, hopes, battles had borne magnificent fruit. Never did mother, never did woman enjoy greater vicarious delight. His career was but an extension of hers since she had come over the Pyrenees on the little donkey's back. Her maxims, principles, piety, battles against the nobles, abounding charity, utter belief in God were being intensified in him, although without her fierceness and the occasional sharpness and asperity which she showed in spite of all her beauty and charm.

She remembered, too, that other occasion, so astounding to all of his court, when he had patched up a bitter quarrel between two factions of the nobles against whom his mother had fought so hard. Then the constable of France had indeed been wild. "Why, sire, do you not let them fight it out? So you would let them weaken and impoverish each other. Now they will join forces and turn on you."

"On the contrary," Louis had explained it in his charming, patient, adamant, and sometimes maddening way. "If they should see I was willing to let them fight it out when I might stop them, they would believe I did it for purposes of my own. It is then that they would stop fighting each other and turn on me." Then he had quoted what was really a living law of his life: "Who was it, my friends, that said, 'Blessed are the peacemakers'?"

To their practical minds the worst of it was that never could they detect

in the king any smuggerly which would have enabled them to circumvent him. He considered others as naturally as men breathe or the sun shines. Of one thing his own people of Paris were sure: the good King Arthur might have been born in Brittany. But he was living now in Paris.

This home reputation did not prevent some of the visiting princes and envoys from being suspicious of him, even as they brought to him their own quarrels. They trusted him and they didn't trust him. Since one of the chief delights in history lies in finding parallels in different scenes and ages, it should not take one too violently out of the medieval mood of that garden assize to apply a sentence of 20th-century slang to the attitude of those 13th-century cynics—"What's his racket?"

It was odd how, when all the royalties of Europe chose lions, leopards, unicorns, and clawed and combative animals for their symbols, Louis had taken three simple flowers. They of England, with the lions on their heralds' tabards, now advanced in their toes-out, high-stepping, lordly English way, but their eyes, glancing right and left, showed an ordinary cat-like caution. They were followed by the yellow and scarlet envoys of Spain, the furred ones of Denmark. Invariably when they came in turn to the royal carpet and listened to his incisive interrogations, his weighing sentences, and calming pronouncements, they all went away somewhat as the Pharisees had left the Temple after trying to bait Him whom this saint followed.

So through all this morning before the fateful one on which he would leave her perhaps forever, the queen mother sat in her window a little tired, not so much in her tireless body as in her heart. Seldom did she take her eyes off this son of whom she was inordinately proud. It was the sin of which she most often unburdened herself in the confessional. But what mother would not have been exultant as she saw those humble and those of lordliest estate, from far distant lands, waiting there among the roses, for the one man in all the world who could settle their petty hedgerow and their grand national quarrels.

It was not often if ever in history that one could see so remarkable and complementary a mother and son. Blanche was most admirably jealous for her son and her religion, most reprehensibly jealous of her daughter-in-law.

She was the only fly in the ointment, poor Margaret of Provence, whom, in 1234, Louis had married in the cousin cathedral of Notre Dame, Sens. A great catch she had been considered, being one of the four daughters of the Count of Provence, all of whom married sovereigns. Had it not been for Margaret, life for Blanche, with her son, even in this grim palace would have been idyllic. It was a morbid and unfortunate triangle. Margaret bore him 11 children, about the same number of children as Blanche had borne his father (13).

The palace household might have been happier, and it would have been

better for Louis if he had been a trifle less filial and a little more uxorious. But—it was one of the faults of a great and good king—he paid little attention to any ideas Margaret might have. And—it was one of the few unadmirable things about a most admirable woman—Blanche got into the habit of constantly criticizing the poor queen. She would even call Louis away from *têtes-à-têtes* with his wife. So far did this incomprehensible mother-in-law's interference go that she ventured to detach him from the queen even when she was brought to bed of a child. Then Margaret, poor lady, rebelled. She forgot her royal dignity and like any slum woman screamed and shouted. Deliberately she put on a scene. For once she won. Louis went back to her. That display helped a little to clear the royal atmosphere. Never afterwards were Louis or Blanche so completely oblivious and inconsiderate.

There was still, of course, some domestic duelling. Margaret had often chided him for that plainness of dress for which he was noted. Once she begged him, if he loved her at all, to don raiment equal in quality to the fine silks and ermine and jewels she wore. He had agreed. Pleased, she turned away, when he grasped her by the arm.

"Wait! Turnabout is fair play. I will appear tonight in royal raiment like any butterfly, and you will appear attired simply, as I am."

Chagrined, she left. No more than any commoner wife could she change her husband's sartorial habits. He had

a humor which some called wintry. Others said it had a quality like fine dry wine. It was too dry that day for the queen.

He had replied on a higher plane when bantered by De Joinville (faithful retainers like old favored housekeepers sometimes take liberties) on a particularly uninspiring outfit from the court tailor: "I prefer my extravagance in charity rather than in dress." This was true. His abbeys, his blind, his poor were the reasons for the frequently meager board in the royal household as well as for his near-shabby wardrobe. It was a noble parsimony.

Still Queen Margaret, despite her artificial love of dress and display, had helped him with her reasonableness when he had been exhausted from religious devotions more intense even than his mother's, and his usually superb common sense appeared to have deserted him. Once, after a prolonged night vigil, he had even proposed that he become a monk, she a nun.

"A monk," she had replied, "does much, God bless him, for God's glory. But as for yourself, is it not apparent that you can do more for Him as well as for your people as a sovereign ruling over and moving among your many subjects than as a solitary, alone in your cell?"

The proceedings in the garden were drawing to a close. The foreign nobles, pacified and making pleased obeisances to the king, were withdrawing. A dark vinegary duke had agreed to restore expropriated lands. Two barons whose swords had been drawn were swearing

eternal friendship. Two shepherds, bandaged from blows from each other's crooks because of a pasturage feud, had their arms around one another. So in this vernal court, amidst the flight of butterflies, wasps, and winged things, the petal fall of the plum trees and pears, the pungency of thyme and rue, the fragrance of roses and lilies, there came those judgments that might have been handed down in our first garden beside the four rivers of Paradise. Each day, visiting violent men were astonished by the bloodless triumphs of personal integrity, naturalness, and love for his brethren of a great and good king.

The king now rode out under the garden arch with some of the abbots who had come to the pleadings. There were a host of abbeys which he had founded within or near Paris walls, St. Anthony of Paris, Grey Friars at St. Cloud, Célestins by the *quais*, one at green Longchamps, two dedicated to his mother at Melun and Pontoise, a high one on Montmartre, lovely St. Martin in the Fields, the "Brethren of the Bag" by St. Germain, the "White Mantles" near the Temple, and many others, all of which had made terrific inroads into his purse. But though the abbots rode part way with him through the city streets, it was not they whom he was going to visit on this his last day before he left for the Crusades. He wanted to see once more, perhaps for the last time, his new fish markets, holy chapel, and blind men, the minstrels by the bridge, and the Cathedral of Our Lady.

Test Your Knowledge

This is a series of questions designed to make the reader more attentive, to fix facts in his memory, to stimulate conversational practice. It is for use by school children, study groups, and individuals who belong to no such groups. Answers are on page 128.

The Man Who Didn't Want Gold

THE GOLD RUSH of 1849 was one of the most exciting and colorful incidents in the history of America. But behind that great expansion and conquest was another less-known story, that of John Sutter and his empire. Out of the wilderness he built a

vast empire devoted to peaceful living, and in a short and frenzied moment, saw it overrun and destroyed.

Read *The 49-ers and John Sutter*, page 74, then try your luck on the following quiz by marking each of the following statements true or false.

- | | |
|--|---|
| T—F 1. John Sutter, an immigrant to the New World in the early 19th century, was born in Switzerland. | |
| T—F 2. Sutter's migration westward was unenthusiastic, for he preferred the East. | |
| T—F 3. He was a born soldier rather than a merchant, and from adolescence he yearned for a military career. | |
| T—F 4. When he began his travels in the New World, Sutter's purpose was not to search for gold, but rather to found an empire. | |
| T—F 5. The territory in the far West which he finally | chose as the sight of his settlement was at the time a possession of Mexico. |
| | T—F 6. He named his settlement New Helvetia, meaning New Switzerland. |
| | T—F 7. He began building rapidly and within four months had completed the construction of his fort. |
| | T—F 8. Sutter was extremely harsh and cruel to the Indians who worked on the construction of his fort. |
| | T—F 9. After becoming familiar with the work of the padres in his region, Sutter was converted to the Catholic faith. |

- T—F 10. He welcomed few persons who visited his vast empire, and many were refused his hospitality.
- T—F 11. The most fateful day in the history of his empire was Jan. 24, 1848, when gold was discovered on his land.
- T—F 12. He sought to delay general knowledge of the discovery until he could make preparations.
- T—F 13. His action was motivated by a desire to keep the gold himself.
- T—F 14. During the prospecting of 1849 and 1850, Sutter's empire dwindled, and was finally destroyed.
- T—F 15. In 1880 the U. S. Congress reimbursed him for his lost empire, and John Sutter died a wealthy and happy man.



The Mass Through the Centuries

FOR an enlightening and heart-warming interpretation of the Mass, read "The Mass and Mrs. McGillicuddy's Carpet Sweeper," on page 1 of the CATHOLIC DIGEST this month. After learning the origin of certain portions of the Mass, your better understanding will lead to a deeper feeling of devotion as you join with the priest and the other faithful in offering up the Perfect

Sacrifice. And you'll learn, too, that the performance of common, every-day duties in life, are for you, as for Mrs. McGillicuddy, a grace-giving continuation of the blessings received at Mass.

So first read the article, then test your knowledge on a very important subject by choosing the answer in each group that best completes each of the following statements.

- In the early days of the Church, a stipend was
 - a payment of money to help support their fellow Christians
 - a gift from the handiwork of the faithful brought to Mass as a profession of faith
 - a form of alms given as penance for sin.
- The short Offertory antiphon is all that remains today of the 5th century Offertory procession which was accompanied by
 - a chant sung by the people and clergy
 - a chant sung by the priest alone while the faithful presented their offerings
 - prayers spoken in unison by the people

3. Religion, the recognition of the supreme Being, is
 - a. foreign to human nature
 - b. basic to human nature
 - c. purely a matter of environment
4. The Mass is, and has always been,
 - a. primarily a sacrifice by the priest which emphasizes his especial dignity
 - b. an offering at which the people assemble as witnesses
 - c. the *people's* Mass at which they take an active part in the sacrifice being offered.



A Scrap of Paper and Mark Twain

MARK TWAIN, because of his colorful and varied career, and his homespun humor, is one of the best-known authors in American literature. Countless stories and anecdotes have been told about this colorful writer, but on page 7 is one we think you

may not have heard, but once you've read it, you are sure to remember.

Read "Mark Twain's Turning Point," then see how many of the blanks you can fill in correctly in the following short summary of that turning point in the life of a famous man.

In 1850, a youth, who was later to become world famous under his pen name of Mark Twain, walked along the board sidewalks of his home town of _____, Mo. His real name was _____. As a printer's apprentice, he happened to read an account of a young French peasant girl named _____ who was burned at the stake by the nation she had saved. His interest led him into the study of history, foreign language, and art.

Among a score of other colorful occupations, he spent a part of his career as pilot of a steamboat on the _____. Later, as a writer and lecturer, he was noted for his racy humor that was

coupled with an appealing homespun _____.

But in spite of all his worldly success, he never forgot the story of the little warrior-maid which had aroused his interest as a boy. So he finally wrote a book about her, but _____ his authorship, since he regarded it as a serious subject, and people might suspect any work of his of being _____. He later wrote that he considered it the _____ of all his writings, and that before it was published it had required _____ years of preparation and _____ of writing. It was the only book that Mark Twain wrote that he thought worthy of a dedication to his beloved _____.

Fun With Words

THE word list this month is divided into three sections, each consisting of ten words, together with their foreign roots and their definitions. Each section is complete in itself; that is, all derivations and definitions for the first ten words are contained in section I, and the following two sections are arranged similarly.

To play the word game, find the derivation and definition for each word and list it in the parenthesis beside the word. For example, the derivation of the first word, *eccentric*, is listed beside the letter C and the definition, *off-center* or *unusual*, is beside number 9. Write C9 in the first blank and go on down the list.

WORD LIST

SECTION I

| | | | |
|------------|-----|---|--|
| ECCENTRIC | () | A. GR. <i>mnasthai</i> , to remember | 1. being everywhere at the same time |
| exegesis | () | B. LAT. <i>ob</i> , to, and <i>ligare</i> , to bind | 2. sullen in aspect; severe |
| mnemonic | () | C. GR. EK, OUT, AND KENTRON, CENTER | 3. binding in law or conscience |
| ubiquitous | () | D. LAT. <i>lumen</i> , light | 4. to exceed the limit |
| dour | () | E. LAT. <i>ubique</i> , everywhere | 5. pertaining to memory |
| obligatory | () | F. GR. <i>ex</i> , out, and <i>hegeisthai</i> , to guide | 6. the faculty of laughing |
| indolent | () | G. LAT. <i>ridere</i> , to laugh | 7. explanation of a portion of Scripture |
| risible | () | H. LAT. <i>in</i> , not, and <i>dolore</i> , to feel pain | 8. shining; brilliant |
| luminous | () | I. LAT. <i>durus</i> , hard | 9. OFF-CENTER; UNUSUAL |
| transgress | () | J. LAT. <i>trans</i> , across, and <i>gradi</i> , to step | 10. indulging in comfort; lazy |

SECTION II

| | | | |
|-----------|-----|--|---|
| amorphous | () | A. LAT. <i>endo</i> , within, and <i>gignere</i> , to bear | 1. devotional verses sung alternately by a two-part choir |
|-----------|-----|--|---|

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|--------------|-----|---|--------------------------------------|
| immolation | () | B. LAT. <i>prae</i> , before, and <i>rogare</i> , to ask | 2. unyielding; obdurate |
| indigenous | () | C. LAT. <i>corpus</i> , body | 3. an overlooking; a general pardon |
| amnesty | () | D. LAT. <i>re</i> , again, and <i>parare</i> , to prepare | 4. without definite form; shapeless |
| prerogatives | () | E. LAT. <i>asper</i> , rough | 5. amends; compensation |
| adamant | () | F. LAT. <i>immolare</i> , to sacrifice | 6. harshness; rigor |
| corporate | | G. GR. <i>anti</i> , against, and <i>phone</i> , sound | 7. innate; native |
| antiphon | () | H. GR. <i>a</i> , not, and <i>morphe</i> , form | 8. combined into one body; united |
| reparation | () | I. GR. <i>a</i> , not, and <i>mnasthai</i> , to remember | 9. a privilege attached to an office |
| asperity | () | J. GR. <i>a</i> , not, and <i>daman</i> , to subdue | 10. a sacrifice |

SECTION III

- | | | | |
|---------------|-----|---|---|
| incisive | () | A. LAT. <i>parcere</i> , to save | 1. curtsies; bows of homage |
| reprehensible | () | B. LAT. <i>re</i> , again, and <i>prehendere</i> , to lay hold of | 2. gloomy; unwholesome |
| morbid | () | C. OF. <i>obeissance</i> , obedience | 3. cutting; penetrating |
| uxurious | () | D. LAT. <i>sarcire</i> , to patch or mend | 4. settled pay or compensation for services |
| sartorial | () | E. LAT. <i>sibilare</i> , to hiss | 5. a formal assertion |
| parsimony | () | F. LAT. <i>stipendium</i> , donation | 6. in a hissing manner |
| obeisances | () | G. LAT. <i>uxor</i> , wife | 7. stinginess |
| allegations | () | H. LAT. <i>in</i> , in, and <i>caedere</i> , to cut | 8. blameworthy; culpable |
| sibilantly | () | I. LAT. <i>morbus</i> , disease | 9. pertaining to tailoring |
| stipend | () | J. LAT. <i>ad</i> , to, and <i>legare</i> , to send | 10. devoted to one's wife |

King and Saint

MANY KINGS have been known for their accomplishments as soldiers, conquerors, or dashing romantic figures. But rare indeed is the monarch of a great country who is noted during his life and forever afterwards for his saintliness. When that deep piety is coupled with wisdom that beckons men even from foreign lands to place their disputes at his feet for judgment, here indeed is a man to read of and remember.

King *Louis IX—Louis XIV* of France was later canonized and is referred to as St. Louis the King. His mother, whose whole life was devoted to her illustrious son, was named *Margaret—Blanche*.

Louis, famous for his wise decisions, administered justice in *an eccentric way—a conventional manner*. Most frequently he held court in the great hall of the palace—his garden. He was noted for his *humble—elaborate* attire and his *old—very stylish* hats. The fault in others which most easily roused him to anger was *cursing—stealing*. In his treaties with foreign countries, such as the English, he was

Such a king ascended the throne of France in 1229. Today the world honors him as St. Louis the King. Robert Gordon Anderson presents a human and memorable picture of the great man in the article beginning on page 113.

After finishing it, see how well you have come to know King Louis by underscoring the correct one in each pair of italicized words in the following.

extremely *exacting—generous*. Among those who appeared to be judged at his court, *the emissaries from foreign countries—the simple people of his own country* received first consideration. As his symbol, Louis characteristically chose a *group of lions—three simple flowers*.

Towards Louis' wife, his mother entertained a strong feeling of *affection—jealousy*. King Louis' wife often *chided—praised* him for his manner of dress.

Between Louis and his mother there always existed a unique *compatibility—incompatibility*. His devotion to his *wife—mother* was more apparent than that to his *wife—mother*.



Speaking of Words

When Cervantes, three centuries ago, created the character of Don Quixote, he did such an effective job that the word *quixotic* has become a useful addition to our present-day language. The world is full of visionary, idealistic, but highly impractical persons, and *quixotic* is still the best word to describe them.

Little Eagle and the Flood

ANYONE can make grammatical errors by accident, but it requires real skill for a writer to weave colloquial language into a delightful and realistic story. A good example of making "mistakes" on purpose is "The Seein' Eye Horse," by Will James on page 39.

The story is written in the easy-going, effortless manner of the cowboy who supposedly is telling it. The style of writing gives it a charm and authenticity that would surely be lacking had the author chosen the path of gram-

matical perfection. But at the same time the story provides a good opportunity for a quick brushup on some of the do's and don't's that Will James has purposely ignored.

Following are a few excerpts from the story. In each, see if you can spot the mistake and underline it, and in the blank provided, insert the correction. Then after you've gone to the head of the class, forget the whole subject of grammar while you turn to page 39 for an exciting and thoroughly enjoyable tale.

1. It kept on raining hard after the cloudburst had fell.
2. Little Eagle would of tackled the swollen waters, but Dane knew better.
3. There was two fences to cross to get to the railroad.
4. So, getting into the saddle again, he let Little Eagle stand for a spell.
5. There come a few time when the horse slipped and a hoof went down between the ties.
6. Dane, his heart in his throat at every slip or loss of footing, done his best not to get Little Eagle off balance.
7. The train was coming, and there'd sure be no chance for him to turn back.
8. But he didn't put on no such action as to unbalance the little gray.
9. He wiped his eyes like as though to see better.
10. Dane went to reining Little Eagle off the side of the trestle.
11. It was the first time that horse had ever went against his wishes.
12. Being there was only a short distance more, we held our horses and waited.
13. The heavy cloudburst had come so sudden and hit in one spot, there'd been no report of it.
14. The engineer might of drove onto the trestle before knowing of the damage.
15. The seein' eyes was partly closed in contentment.

A Backward Glance

AFTER you've read the entire January issue of the **CATHOLIC DIGEST**, here's a chance to take a backward glance at some of the high spots. You should have little difficulty in recalling the correct answer to each question below.

1. What does the term **CROP** stand for?
2. Is **CROP** an organization established by one religious denomination or a group of many?
3. What is the poor man's most important vegetable?
4. What Religious Order was it that the Cure of Ars once seriously considered joining?
5. William H. Bonney was the most famous outlaw of the Southwest. By what name was he better known?
6. What is the name of the highest body of the communist party?
7. What do the lamas of Tibet send out to aid travelers lost in the mountain blizzards?
8. Do people who engage in beach-combing as a pastime or an occupation ever find it really profitable?
9. What state now occupies the territory that was once New Helvetia?
10. By what name were the early contingents of Americans who fought in Spain in the Spanish Civil War known?



Answers to Test Your Knowledge

- The Man Who Didn't Want Gold* 1. T; 2. F; 3. F; 4. T; 5. T; 6. T; 7. F; 8. F; 9. T; 10. F; 11. T; 12. T; 13. F; 14. T; 15. F.
- A Scrap of Paper and Mark Twain* Hannibal; Sam Clemens; Joan of Arc; Mississippi; philosophy; concealed; funny; best; 12; 2; wife.
- The Mass Through the Centuries* 1. b; 2. a; c. b; 4. c.
- Fun With Words* Sec. I: C9; F7; A5; E1; I2; B3; H10; G6; D8; J4. Sec. II: H4; F10; A7; I3; B9; J2; C8; G1; D5; E6. Sec. III: H3; B8; I2; G10; D9; A7; C1; J5; E6; F4.
- King and Saint Louis IX*; Blanche; an eccentric way; humble; old; cursing; generous; simple people of his own country; three simple flowers; jealousy; chided; compatibility; mother; wife.
- Little Eagle and the Flood* 1. had fell—had fallen; 2. would of—would have; 3. was—were; 4. spell—while; 5. come—came; 6. done—did; 7. sure—surely; 8. no—any; 9. like as though—as if; 10. went to—began; 11. went—gone; 12. being—since; 13. sudden—suddenly; 14. might of drove—might have driven; 15. seein' eyes was—seeing eyes were.
- A Backward Glance* 1. Christian Rural Overseas Program; 2. many; 3. potato; 4. the Blessed Sacrament Fathers; 5. Billy the Kid; 6. the Politburo; 7. paper horses; 8. Yes; 9. California; 10. the Washington-Lincoln Brigade.

Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us. If you wish to order direct from publisher, addresses given are adequate.]

Anderson, Robert Gordon. *THE CITY AND THE CATHEDRAL; [Paris and Notre Dame in the Colorful 13th Century]*. N. Y.: Longmans. 337 pp. \$3.50. Anecdotal panorama of medieval arts and customs: student life, city administration, business and guilds, bookmaking, needlework, chivalry, and a pervading religious sense.



Cronin, John F. *CATHOLIC SOCIAL ACTION. Milwaukee: Bruce.* 247 pp. \$3.50. Principles and operating methods of Catholic Action. Description of the groups already at work in this country in labor, rural life, the press, education, and tolerance movements.



Cross, Samuel Hazzard. *SLAVIC CIVILIZATION THROUGH THE AGES. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.* 195 pp. \$3.50. Reliable survey of the Slavic peoples in their early migrations, conversion to Christianity under opposed Eastern and Western influences, and the centuries-old German-Slav conflict.



Keller, James. *YOU CAN CHANGE THE WORLD; the Christopher Approach.* N. Y.: Longmans. 387 pp. \$3. Guidebook for the American willing to carry Christ's standpoint into his office, union, government or school system. The average man's apostolate in making his job a source of good influence as well as personal income.



Moroux, Jean. *THE MEANING OF MAN.* N. Y.: Sheed & Ward. 304 pp. \$4. An analysis of man and his spiritual connections. Rich and deep; clear and exact.



Peers, E. Allison. *BEHIND THAT WALL.* N. Y.: Morehouse-Gorham Co. 180 pp. \$2.50. Informal discussion of great spiritual thinkers. Essays punctuated with poetry. For those who seek beauty.



Royer, Fanchón. *THE MEXICO WE FOUND.* Milwaukee: Bruce. 210 pp. \$2.50. Catholic heart of Mexico—with the country's glamour etched off; a side glance of high admiration for Guatemala.



Sheed, F. J., compiler. *THE GUEST-ROOM BOOK.* N. Y.: Sheed & Ward. 334 pp., illus. \$3.50. Shelf of top-rate froth and several somber potions for the mind's night-cap. Includes the whole of *Murder in a Nunnery*.



Wolff, Werner. *ISLAND OF DEATH.* N. Y.: J. J. Augustin. 191 pp.; illus. \$7. The statues and hieroglyphics of Easter Island still guard their secrets, even though this book's bibliography has 226 entries.



(November-issue correction: Credit line under "Justice Tempered with Murphy." *THE NINE YOUNG MEN.* Copyright, 1947. By Harper and Brothers, 49 E. 33rd St., New York City.)



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